

GRATULATIO

Academiae Cantabrigiensis

DE REDITU

SERENISSIMI REGIS

GEORGGII II.

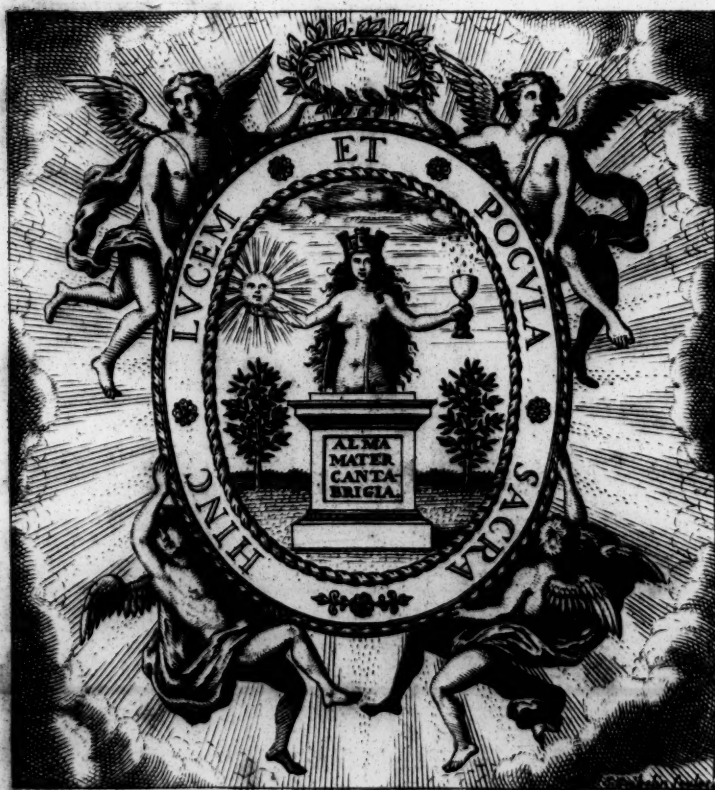
POST

PACEM & LIBERTATEM

EUROPÆ

FELICITER RESTITUTAM

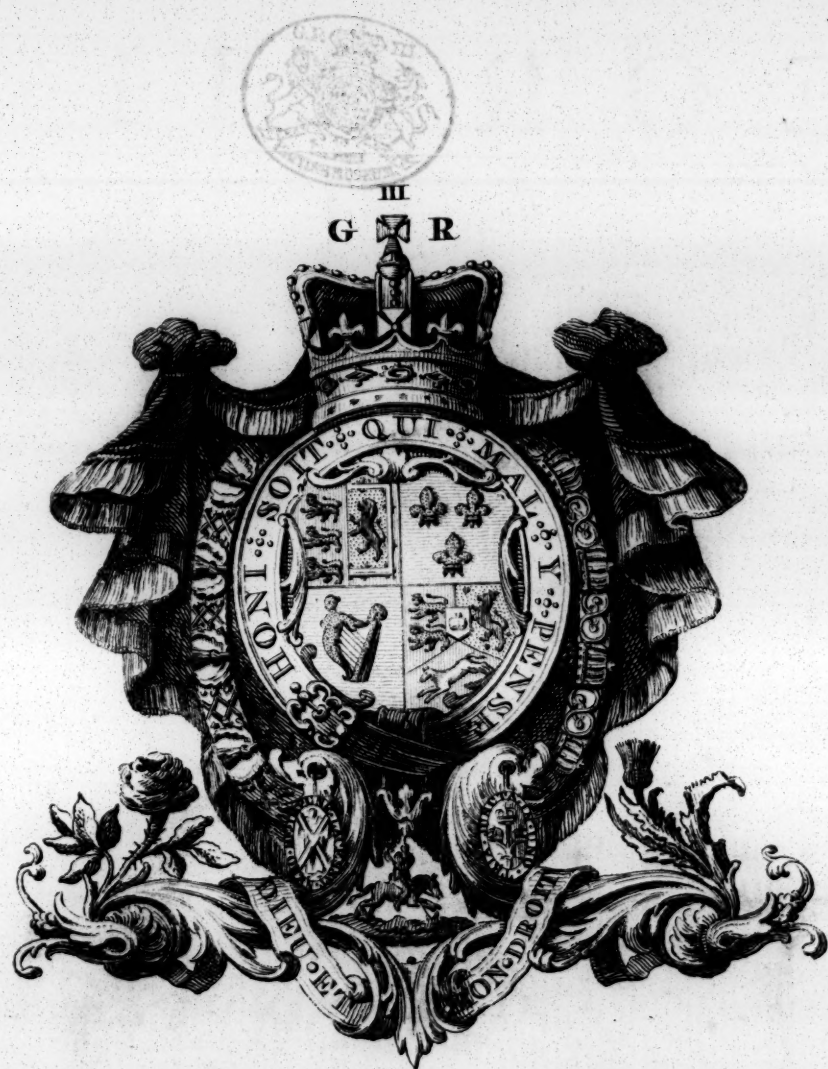
ANNO M.DCC.XLVIII.



CANTABRIGIÆ,

TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDIT J. BENTHAM.

M.DCC.XLVIII.



T O T H E
K I N G.

WHILST, aw'd by You, unwilling states embrace,
And war's wild horrors soften into peace;

'Midst all the joys by gratitude preferr'd,

O let the Muses' transports too be heard.

Friends to repose, reluctant they record
The wastful triumphs of the conqu'ring sword;
Weep o'er the blood by mad ambition spilt,
Nor, dazzled by war's pomp, forget its guilt:

But

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

But, where insulted Rights to Heav'n appeal,
And Justice bids unsheath the vengeful steel;
Pleas'd they enrol His fame, deserv'dly won,
Who for his people's ease resigns his own.

And such Your praise, great Patron of mankind;
Such the just limits to your arms assign'd:
For not ambition's visionary claim,
Which but of justice prostitutes the name;
Not your own lust of rule, but others' pride,
The common rights of sea and air deny'd,
In distant climes your hostile sails unfurl'd,
Which made Spain tremble for her western world.

What tho' her aid the faithless Gallia gave?
The free-born Briton stoop'd not to the slave;
Still triumph'd o'er their naval strength combin'd,
And spread your floating empire unconfin'd.

So tho' of Æolus the blust'ring train
Awhile usurp'd dominion o'er the main;
The tempest sunk at Neptune's awful word,
And the calm'd ocean own'd its sov'reign Lord.

Nor

GRATULATIO.

Nor in the field with fainter lustre shone,
Great Prince, your subjects' valour, or your own:
When, by your presence fir'd, example taught,
Unpractis'd troops with vet'ran ardour fought;
Maine's injur'd banks with Gallick carnage strew'd,
And on half Europe liberty bestow'd.

Here WILLIAM, fir'd with early love of fame,
By wond'rous deeds immortaliz'd his name;
'Midst thickest dangers panted for renown,
Nor fear'd with others' blood to shed his own.

Advent'rous Youth! — our annals blush to shew,
How much these kingdoms to thy valour owe;
How thy sole arm domestick peace restor'd,
And GEORGE but reign'd secure by WILLIAM's sword.

Let others, fond of sanguinary fame,
What force or fraud can seize unjustly claim;
Reign o'er the desarts their ambition made,
Heav'n's dread Vicegerents, hated and obey'd:
Whilst You, great Monarch, chuse the nobler part,
To win the grateful homage of the heart;

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

T' adjust the rights false policy confounds;
To teach ambition's self to know its bounds;
To make abroad the British scepter fear'd,
At home your person lov'd, your name rever'd.

THO. CHAPMAN L.L.D.
Master of Magdalen College,
Vice-Chancellor of the University.

GRATULATIO.

QUO fugit Britonum virtus? En! per sua regna
Oceani dominis claudit Iberus iter.
En! spoliare Aquilam Germanam fulmine sacro,
Et jacere ad terras, Gallia vana parat:
Sperat inulta iras Batavi vincere Leonis,
Quem sævum toties rura propinqua tremunt;
Sceptrumque ignoto triplex audacior offert,
Dum Romæ Britonas destinat imperio.
Hæccine gens nec victa feret, nec amica tyrannis?
Hæccine, BRUNSVICIO sceptrum gerente, feret?
Classis Ibera cito, et turres sensere caducæ,
Vindicet Anglorum quanta ruina moras.
GEORGIUS affurgens Aquilæ sua fulmina belli
Defert, et telum dirigit ipse manu:
Æthera jam pennis renovatis verberat ales;
Spretaque jam Galli desuper arma videt.
Nequicquam Lodoix tumet ambitione; minatur
Nequicquam: illius numina fessâ jacent.
Pacem optat: pacem dat victor; et arbitra legum est
Libertas, in agros nunc revocata suos.
Ecce! Leo, manicis decussis, valla peragrat;
At casum indignans, asper, acerba tuens:
Quæ potuit lacerare hostem, convertitur ira
In sese, et rabido viscera dente ferit.
Ne nimium sævi, fera nobilis; exue vires:
Imperat Auriacus; quæ tibi certa salus.
At tu, quem Scotiæ in latebris vix palla fugacem
Fœminea, aut poterant abdere mille doli,
Jam veros risus lamentaque ficta puellis
Et mimis Italis, erro miselle, cies.—
Irrita sic, quæcunque struebat Gallia, aperta
Seu tulit arma, dolos seu meditata, cadunt.
Pacis idem bellicque opus; et quid discolor illis
Esse potest, GEORGI cum sit uterque labor?
Bis servatorem Te, Rex, Europa salutat;
Armis læta tuis, libera consiliis.

Hon^{mus} D^{nus} D^{nus} Georgius Cavendish A. M. è Coll. D. Johann.
Illustrissimi Ducis Devoniae Filius natus secundus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

PERFIDIA captas arces atque agmina versa
Dum deflet, vacuosque videt cultoribus agros
Princeps, seque suâ sola virtute tuetur;
Solvitur è portu, ventis Divisque secundis,
Per mare velivolum, et fert iussâ Britannica classis
Regis, et adversos fulmen jaculatur in hostes:
Diffugiunt versi trepidâ formidine Galli,
Ac veterem agnoscunt hostem victriciaque arma;
Instat vi patriâ, diversosque æquore toto
Acer victor agens nunc hos et nunc rapit illos.
Ast captæ naves, argento auroque refertæ,
Succedunt portus alienos non sua regna;
Et domini nunc præda ingens oblita prioris
Accipit Augusti signum, regale numisma.
Haud secus accipiter terretque fugatque columbas
Invalidas, leporemve canes latratibus urgent.
Parte alia classis vasto munimine portus
Cincta latet, neque sese audet committere ponto;
Tantus amor lucri, tantæ est formidinis hostis.
O fortunati nimium, bona si sua norint,
Invicti Britones, propriis ac viribus usi!
His fracti, miseræque famis formidine moti,
Regem adeunt Galli; exposcunt avertere pestem,
Pacemque exorant. Ille huc, nunc fluctuat illuc;
Mentem agitat vanæ laudis malefuada cupido
Ad bellum, retrahitque salus regnique sui:
Tandem vota movent populi: jubet ire Britannum
Legatos, veniam belli pacemque petentes;
Vestris commotus precibus dabit ille quietem
Defessis, legesque imponet fœderis æquas.
Legati mandata ferunt. Vult tela recondi
Notus amor populi, ac luctus miserandus et hosti:
Vastatos agros urbesque reponite captas,
Dixit; cuique suum domini jus cedat in usum.
Panduntur portæ, populataque marte coluntur

Arva;

GRATULATIO.

Arva; boves tutæ passim per rura vagantur :
Neglectæ Musæ redeunt artesque Minervæ;
Hæcque suas sedes placatus visit Apollo,
AUGUSTIque lyrâ modulatur fortia facta.

Honorabilis *Edwardus Wingfield* è Coll. Div. Johan.
Honoratissimi Domini Vicecomitis de *Powercourt*
Filius natu major.

TO P E A C E.

CLOS'D are the gates, and with pacifick hand
Janus locks up the din of war. Descend
Cœlestial exile from thy blest'd abode,
Ah! fugitive too long. The nations join
In triumph to receive their welcome guest,
Blessing thy lovely skirts at distance seen :
Thy absence Conquest mourns, and wins in vain;
Health pines, and Plenty rolls a turbid stream.
Come, in thy native honours, to refresh
A weary'd land, plagu'd with the ills of war,
And praying thy return: lo! all things wait
Thy visitation; as from Chaos first
The sever'd elements expecting stood,
And at the word to beauteous order sprung.
Silence ye waves, erst plough'd with hostile beaks,
With Britain's thunder scar'd; now placid roll
With joyful undulation: air, late rent
With Cannon's roar, be still; nor let
A smoaky cloud deform thy azure vault :
Tune all the feathered race, as when they sing,
Rang'd in the dew-drop'd groves, on April morn :
Earth change thy crimson robe for green attire,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Emblem of joy; bid hill and valley smile
In sign of gratulation, and let all,
Like bride and bridegroom deck'd, receive their Queen,
And swell the Jubilee to GEORGE and Peace.

The honourable *Richard Wingfield* of St. John's College,
Younger Son of the right honourable
The Lord Viscount *Powerscourt*.

FUNEREAS inferre faces, injustaque bella,
Sit sine rivali laus, Ludovice, tibi;
Tu potes unanimos armare in prælia fratres,
Mille nocendi artes, nomina mille tua:
Te bello invictum GEORGI, Te pacis amantem,
Suspiciunt gentes, sollicitantque prece;
Fractarum (nec vana fides) folatia rerum
Te sperant; folium, ceu Jovis ara, Tuum est.
Auspice Te, Pax alma redit; Te vindice, nauta
Tutus agit merces, arva colonus arat.
Sic ubi naufragium Teucris parat Æolus, æquor
Concitat, et motis omnia miscet aquis:
Neptunus furgit facilis, sumptoque Tridenti,
Imperium pelagi vindicat ipse sibi;
Nobis forte datum tantos componere motus,
Ille: filet ventus, sternitur omne mare.

Honorabilis *Fredericus Hervey* C. C. C. Commensalis,
Honoratissimi Domini Baronis de *Hervey*
Filius natu tertius.

GRATULATIO.

DUM lassas bello, meritas meliora, cohortes
Excipit in gremium, et functos virtute Britannos,
Ad patrias reduces oras, et limina nota,
Gratatur Thamesis; liceat sua gaudia Camo
Dicere, et ingenti liceat se solvere luctu.

Jamdudum armorum strepitus, stridorque rudentum,
Auditus famâ tantum, tremefecerat imas
Doctrinæ sedes, segnesque ad prælia Musas:
Neglectæ arebant taciturna ad flumina sylvæ,
Plectraque de nudis pendebant tristia ramis.
At tandem Pax alma redit, cornuque benigno
Copia fundit opes ruris; nemus omne recentem
Induit in florem sese, properatque corollas:
Desueti repetunt Citharæ modulamina vates,
Et solito chordis respondet murmure flumen.

Jam risus, cantusque rudes, innixus aratro,
Agricola exercet; venturaque messis optimæ
Fœnora prospiciens, quos Gallia parturit, hostes
Spernit, et Arctoïis missum de montibus agmen.

Jam portus clamore fremunt, et littora latè
Mercibus incipiunt fervere; tutus ad Indos
Evolat, et pelago gaudet dare plena patienti
Vela, nec insidias metuit mercator Iberas.

Nec Tibi, nec patriæ soli Tua cura, GEORGI,
Pacis opem requiemque dedit; satis arma superque
Tentavit Lodoix, et non sine clade fuorum
Parta tropæa dolens, Te non prohibente, per æquor
Libera bis victæ jam pandit carbasa classis.

Te maris agnoscit dominum, Calpesque potentem
Cantaber; extremos Tibi pandit America fines;
Non Te Danubius nescit, non accola Mœni,
Non, quâ præcipiti cursu felicia Baccho
Arva terit, Rhenus, quâque interfusus arenis
Urget iter, variusque petit sine nomine pontum.

O decus Angligenûm, tutelaque certa Tuorum,
In cœlum ferus redeas! hæc vota secundis

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Granta canit Musis : stantem fulcire columnam
Libertas Te velle jubet; Tua dextra, tyrannos
Quæ vocat ad pœnas, eadem mortalibus ægris
Diffundat, placidâ compositis pace, salutem.

Honorabilis *Johannes Yorke* C. C. C. Commenfalis
Hon^{mi} Dⁿⁱ Baronis de *Hardwick* Magnæ Britanniae Cancellarij
Filius natu quartus.

Ad R E G E M.

PRÆSIDIUM Europæ! cui gens hæc debet et ætas,
Quod stat adhuc Britonum non temerata fides;
Quod non degenerem tulit imbellemve juventam
Frugum magna parens Anglia, magna virûm:
Accipe, quæ reduci facrat Tibi carmina Grantæ
Fida cohors, laudes dicere læta tuas.
Quod non Relligio, Romæ juga ferre coacta,
Jam fundit furdis impia vota Deis;
Quod non Libertas, pedibus subjecta tyranni,
Jam vix extremum spiritum anhela trahit;
Muneris hoc, AUGUSTE, Tui est. Tu fulmen in hostes
Perjuros, rupti fœderis ultor, agis:
Mox, ubi dedidicit rabiem, Te vindice, Gallus,
Et Tibi victorum succubere minæ;
Auspice Te, potior meritis Pax alma triumphis,
Musarumque comes, Justitiæque, redit.
Magnus qui patriis hostem propulsat ab oris,
Et pia, pro læsis civibus, arma capit:
Qui, bene re gestâ, leges tamen accipit æquas,
Grataque dat populis otia, major erit;
Quosque Tuo laurus capiti jam nectit honores,
Insigne his addet querna corolla decus.

Honorabilis *Jacobus Yorke* C. C. C. Commenfalis,
Hon^{mi} Dⁿⁱ Baronis de *Hardwick* Magnæ Britanniae Cancellarij
Filius natu quintus.

GRATULATIO.

O Diva, bellis non fat idonea
Tumultuosis, Melpomene, fugax
Rixarum, et altricis poetæ
Pacis amans, mihi lenis adfis
Pacem canenti: da quod Horatio
Tutæ clienti pacis et otii;
Vel quod, sonanti dona pacis
In patriis Heliconis oris,
Ascræo alumno carmen amabile
Olim annuisti. Scis modo ut, improbâ
Bacchante Enyo, virginali
Icta metu, citharam tacentem
Fractumque plectrum fleveris impotens:
Vestris amicam fontibus et choris
Pacem, nec invitas, sonare
Teque tuasque decet sorores.
Jam Copia almos, lætaque Faustitas,
Revisit agros; jam sterilis jacet
Neglecta laurus, fertilisque
Jam revirescit honos olivæ.
Jam casta castis juncta sororibus
Audet choreas ducere Gratia
Non voce turbatas minaci
Cornicinum, strepituque belli.
Antehac latentem tollere verticem
Artes timebant ingenuæ, undique
Dum triste regnum Mars tenebat,
Et comites, Pavor, Ira, Pallor.
Ades, Dea, absens heu! nimium diu,
Quem luctuosis cunque voles modum
Præsens duellis ponere, et spes
Fallere non humiles tyrannum.
Quæ gens, cruenti passâ diu mala
Funesta belli, non Tua tempora
Desiderat? Te nunc Britannus,
Te Batavus media inter arma

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Jam tum colebat; Pannoniæ incola,
Utcunque gaudens militiâ utili,
Te lætus ambit, fructuosa
Tandem humeris positurus arma.
Defideratam Te toties Iber,
Segnesque nodum solvere Britones,
In omne Te producat ævum
Gallia. Granta nihil peric'li
Timebit, Illo præsidium et suum
Præbente numen, concilium frequens
Quem jam salutavit suarum
Grande decus columenque rerum.

Georgius Strickland Baronettus C. C. C.

AT non inertī ignobilis otio,
Non indecoro, Musa, silentio
Cessabis æternū: eja, surge,
Et resides, age, tende chordas,
Olim canoræ Diva potens lyræ.
Quanquāmin imminenti, torpor inutilis
Duram renitentemque reddat
Mollibus imperiis, senectâ;
Nec sanguis ævi, ceu prius, integer
Æquē citato ferveat impetu:
Inclusa jam ludo priori
In juvenum juvenesce cœtu.
Non arma diris sæva sonoribus,
Trucisve clangor raucifonus tubæ,
Discrimine obscuro duelli
Ambiguam faciente palmam;
Non præliantū vulnera militum,
Et delibutæ sanguine laureæ,
Horrorque, tristisque ejulatus,
Vel rabido miserandus hosti,

Jam

GRATULATIO.

Jam poscit acrem in carmina spiritum:
Sed incruentæ laurus adoreæ
Ad leniores haud ineptam
Sollicitat numeros Camœnam.
Musas amantes otia GEORGIUS
Amata Musis tradit in otia,
AUGUSTUS alter; dum tropæis
Innumeris potiore, gentes
Pacis redonat munere; fortior
Ipsum Gradivum vincere, civicæ
Honore præsignis coronæ,
Quam medii per acuta belli
Quæsisse palmas funere publico
Contaminatas, non sine lachrymis,
Multoque castigata luctu
Gaudia sanguinei triumphi.
Non ictibus jam Gallia mutuis
Vires Britannas atteret: impia
Non Scotus intentabit asper
Arma, togæ metuenda nostræ,
Hâc copias, hâc consilium et suas
Præbente fraudes: protenùs et graves
Minæ residunt, fœderatos
Nec populos inimicat ira,
Omnisque belli detonuit fragor;
Centum revinctus dum Furor impius
Nodis ahenis otiosa
Tristè sedens super arma frendet.
Pacata fulcant æquora navitæ
Impunè; ventis usæ ferentibus
Carina nascentisque cunas
Solis, et occidui cubile,
Timoris expers, visere gestiens,
Utramque nostris portubus Indiam
Convectat, et tardatus aureo
Turbidus it Thamefis fluento.

Virtute

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Virtute functus miles inutilem
Suspendit ensem; vel melioribus
In vomeris diffingit usum
Auspiciis; patrios agellos,
Quos vindicavit belligerâ manu,
Colens inermi: Luxuriam soli
Miratus immunem cruoris,
Et gravidos sine cæde culmos.
Vacat Camœnis interea suis
Togata pubes. O quis in arduas
Enifus auras, nec volatûs
Pindarici metuens, adire
Affectat audax dulce periculum;
Dignoque cantu prælia CÆSARIS
Pacesque diffundens in ævum,
Per numeros memoresque versus,
Æternat? — at nos, quod superest, diu
Lætus, quod orbi præstitit, otio,
Plaudentibus cœlis, fruatur,
Ritè Deum decet apprecari.

Gulielmus George S.T.P. Coll. Regal. Præpositus.

HUC alma gressus dirige prosperos;
Huc sancta defer, Pax, pateram tuam:
Succincta sis; caduceumque
Confocies oleâ virenti.
Rident Camœnæ: nam reditum tuum
Spondent honestis artibus utilem;
Scientiarum cultor horret
Martis opus strepitumque belli.
Quæ non reducis commoda gentibus?
Securus æquor navita, mercium
Vector, per immensum explicabit
Vela, fretum citò Gaditanum

Vifurus,

GRATULATIO.

Visurus, et quem flumine debito
Augent volentes oceanum Padus
Et Nilus, et semotus Ister,
Tardus Arar, Rhodanusque velox.
Quas occidens et quas oriens opes
Produxerit sol, mox Britonum graves
Domum reportabunt, sinuque
Excipiet Thamifis, carinæ.
Pax grata fessis militibus domos
Jubet relictas visere, et horridis
Agris colonos, et vaganti
Restituit pecori magistros.
At non sepulorum ossa resuscitat;
Non sanguinem vanæ dat imagini;
Non artubus motum et vigorem;
Non animas revocat fugaces:
Sed multa sponfarum teneras terit
Genas, ocellos multaque lacryma
Velat pudicos, quas amores
Fata vetant renovare castos.
Tuos agrestes, Flandria, territant
Umbrae silentes militum, et Anglia
Parum lubenter sparsa credit
Membra tibi, peregrina tellus.
Nec Tu, vetusto sanguine nobilis,
Usquam revives æthera, nec domum
Rursus beabis Lothianam,
KERRE, perempte manu rebeli.
Te vota, Te suspiria virginum,
Avara formarum juvenilium,
Frustrà insequuntur; Te nec omnes,
Quas tibi contulerat benignè
Natura, dotes arripere ex manu
Lethi valebant. Non patiar tamen
Famam interire, obliviones
Si potero cohibere versu.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Nam Tu Camœnas excolere, ædium
Musique sacrarum incola quærere
Verumque pulchrumque, et solebas
Littora nobilitare Cami.
Atqui duellum te rapuit ferox;
Et non inanis gloria ponere
Coëgit et plectrum togamque,
Pro patriâ haud timidum perire.

P. Yonge A.M. Coll. Trin. Soc. Academiæ Orator.

O Tu, qui placido moderamine cuncta gubernas,
Sævos qui nimbos tempestatesque furentes
Nutu sæpè soles compefcere, lucis amœnios
Diffundens radios, pelagum cœlumque serenum
Reddens, lætitiâque ferens mortalibus ægris,
Propitius votis faveas, adfisque precanti.

O quàm Te celebrem! qui nomen amabile Pacis,
Quo nec amabilius Musis nec dulcius ullum,
Post tantas animorum iras, tristesque ruinas
Urbium et agrorum, jussisti præpete pennâ
De cœlo labi, nostrasque revisere terras.

Describent alii meliùs, queis pectore toto
Phœbus adest, fœdi furibundos atque cruentos
Horrores belli; Britonumque insignia facta
Heroum, CUMBRIQUE Ducis: mihi carmine fas fit
Inculto Pacem celebrare, et Pacis amantem
REGEM, nunc reducem, redimitum tempora olivâ:
Ac gentis nostræ FREDERICUM spem omine læto
Fidam, felicem sobole exemploque paterno.

O Pax alma, diu interfis, comitesque sequantur
Haud fucatus Amor patriæ Pietasque Fidesque:
At procul Ambitio, atque auri quoque dira Cupido,
Perpetuæ belli causæ comitesque, fugantor
Justitiâ, fortique animo et virtute GEORGI.

Edm. Castle S.T.B. C.C.C. Magister.

GRATULATIO

هَيْهَاتَ عَنَّا الْحَرْبُ هَيْهَاتَ عَنَّا السَّيْفُ
إِلَى الْغُرَابِ يَعُودُ مَشْبُوحٌ دَمًا *
يَبْقَى فِيهِ صَدِيقٌ بِزُنْجَارِ الْحَدِيدِ
وَأَسْبَابُ الْمَوَاتِ لَا يَخْشَى أَرْبَمَا *

وَعَادَةُ النَّصْلِ أَنْ يَرْهَى بِجَوْهَرِهِ *
لَكِنَّ الْمَجْدَةَ وَالنُّدُورَةَ يَقْتُونُ *
نَاكَ عَنِ الْأَجْنَادِ مُنْقَرِدٌ حَقِيرٌ
وَمَتْنَاءُ بِالْخِلْدِ يَتَخَمَّرُونَ *

أَعْلَى النَّفْسِ بِالْأَمَالِ أَرْقَبَهَا *
مَا أَضِيقَ الْعَيْشَ لَوْ لَا لِأَمَلٍ فَسَكَةٌ *
سَلَامٌ رِسَالَةً وَبَشْرِي كُلِّ خَيْرٍ *
مَا أَضِيقَ الْعَيْشَ لَوْ لَا لِإِبْوَسٍ نِعْمَةٌ *

لَمْ أَرْتَضِ الْمَعِاشَ فِي الْوَسْطِ أَبَوَاتِ
الْمُتَقَعَّةِ خَرَابِ نَحْسٍ عَظِيمٍ لِي
الْهَزَاهِرُ نَقَاطِ أَذَانِي بِصَحْحِ
الْبَنَاتِ الْبَيْبِ وَرَهْدِ كُلِّ النَّفْسِ *

يَا أَيُّهُ سَلَامٌ أَنْتِ تَأْتِي لِذَاذَا *
إِنَّ تَرِدْتَ مَلُوءَةً مِنَ الْبِلَادِنَا *
صُجَّرَاتٍ مِنَّا عَزَلُوا وَأَوْجَاعُنَا *
وَرَجَعُوا إِلَيَّ بِنَجٍّ كُلِّ سُرْرَانَا *

L. Chappelow S. T. B. Linguae Arabicae Professor.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

בני גוים התהללו
לאמור בשיר איך נפלו
במלחמה הגבורים
בפי חרב מחללים

לא נוצרים יחפצו
בדם ורצח הם ירצו
לאמור הטוב והשמה
אשר מני שלום יצמח

אודה שלום בשירתי
אשר למלך עשיתי
בקולי רום ארום שמו
אשר הביא שוש לעמו

מלך צרפת וספרדי
ידע מה גבורות ידי
המלך שנכון שבתו
ביום בלב עם מלכותו

עתה כל רחוני ארץ
יחבשו נא כל פרץ
מלחמה לא עוד ילמדו
לא עוד ריבות יחמדו

ירד שלום משמים
יטיף שבע מכפים
איש איש תחת גפנו ישב
בבטח קול רנה יקשב

רועת ירביץ צאונמו
עריץ לא יגזול שדמו
אכר יזרע קציר יגמר
יאכל חלב יגוז צמר

כשמש ממטר האיר
בשחק כל עבות הפיר
כן יזרח לנו השלום
יפיר כל רעות יום ויום

Thomas Harrison A.M. Linguæ Sanctæ Professor.
Coll. Trin. Socius

GRATULATIO.

ΕΙΡΗΝΗ βαδύπληστον, ἀπάσων μῆτερ ἐάων,
 Εὐχομένοις ἔπιφαινε βροτοῖς, πολέμῳ τε θυέλλας
 Οὐρανόθεν σκέδασον· Θεά, γάρ σε προσκαλέεσιν
 Ἔθνεα πολλὰ κακοῖς τεθλιμμένα ποντοδαποῖσι.

Εἶδομεν ὀλλυμένων, ἄλιν εἶδομεν, ὀλλυμένων τε,
 Εἶδομεν ἔμφυλον πόλεμον· λήϊστορες ἄνδρες
 (Οὐρεσθ' ἐν βήσσησι, μινυθάδιον περ ἐόντα,
 Ἐκ γῆς ἀλλοδαπῆς σφίσιν ἐκλέξαντες ἀνακταί·)
 Αἰφνιδίως ἤγεσθον, ὀμηγέρεες τ' ἐγγύοντο,
 Καὶ τότε δ' ἡμετέρῃ κρατέρως ἐπέκειντο φάλαγγι
 Λαθρῇ ἀνώϊστοισι πτυσκόμενοι βελέεσσιν,
 Ἀρπαγες ὡς ἀγέλαις λύκοι ἐνθρώσκουσ' ἀφυλακταῖς·
 Λησόμενοι πατεῖς δόξης ἔθρειδ' ἀλκῆς
 Φῶ! Βελτόνων διέφθυγε στρατός, ἢ (θαύμα ιδέσθαι)
 Ἦρώες ποτὲ ἔκ πολλῶν ἀντάξιοι ἀνδρῶν
 Ρηιδίως νικῶν), ἀνάλκιδες ὥς γυναικες.
 Ἡμέας θυμοδόρων ὀδυράων ἀμφεκάλυψε
 Ορφναῖόν τε νέφ' καὶ ἀχλυόεσσα ὀμίχλη,
 Δακρυόεν δ' ὕμιν χάσμ' ἔασε), ὕμιν θριάμβ' ἔθρει
 Θρηνηδης, προσδότη· τάχ' ἐλδύσε) ἔξοχ' ἦρώς
 Δαῖμα φέρον ἐθροῖσι, φόως ἐτάροις ἔθρειαρ·
 Οὐ γὰρ ἀνάβλησις κακῶς ἔασε), εἰδ' ἠβαιόν,
 Ἀλλ', αὐτῶς χερσέσσιν ὑπὸ κρατερῶσι δαμέντες,
 Βήσετ' ἐς δὺρῶντα δόμον κρυεῖς Αἶδας.

Οὐ δ' ἔτι λυγαλέοις ἔνικῆσαι θριάμβοις
 Οὐδ' ἔτι πνεύσας ψολόεντα βελέμενα κατ' ἐχθρῶν
 Νῆας αἰδέσθαι Μῆσαι· ἐράσμια δῶρα θεοῖο
 Ὀλβιον δὺνομίω, εἰρήνῳ δὺρεσίτεχνον
 (Λημοσιώω τε κακῶν, ἀμπαυμά τε μερμηράων)
 Χαίρει μελπόμεναι, γνώσῃ τε πείρατα γαίης
 Εἰχαλα, λαοῖσιν καὶ δυσμενέεσι δικασίω
 Καὶ πόντῳ κρατέοντα ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΝ ἐμμεν' ἀπαντ'.

Gulielmus Fraigneau A. M. Græcæ Linguae Professor. Reg.
 Coll. SS. Trinitatis Socius.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ad R E G E M.

CLARA vetustorum edite principum
De stirpe; summus cui Deus annuit
Sceptrum paternum, utque obtineres
Imperium in populos volentes:
Quis Te parentem, quis poterit ducem
Laudare digne? namque, necessitas
Quandoque Te bello impedivit,
Belli etiam patiens laborum.
Testis fluentum Mœni, ubi Gallica
Prostrata virtus; dum, nimium suis
Confisa turmis, congredi audet.
Auspiciis minime secundis.
Stulti putabant scilicet, undique
Circumdatum, Te posse etiam capi:
Tandem suorum strage discunt;
Te duce, quid valeant Britanni.
Victoria at non tanti erat, ut tuum
Sacrum periculis objiceres caput;
Nostrum universorum salus cum
Pendeat unius ex salute.
Pugnatur exinde haud simili exitu:
Terrore cæco nam socia agmina
Terga hostibus victoriâ (eheu)
Turpiter in mediâ dederunt.
Hic perduelles (proh dolor!) impii,
(Cives enim quis nomine dixerit?)
Nacti, ut putabant, tempus, orbam
Tum patriam aggrediuntur armis.
Sed Cumbriæ Dux, milite cum tuo
Tandem reversus, non secus atque oves
Egit paventes: tantum in ipso
Instar erat patrii vigoris.

Sperant

GRATULATIO.

Sperant asylum montibus in suis ;
Frustra : WILHELMUS fervidus imminet ;
 Quem non retardant nix geluque ;
 Non loca, militibus negata.
Mox perduelles auxiliis novis,
Quæ Gallia ipsis perfida sufficit,
 Audaciores facti, in æquor
 Non dubitant dare sese apertum.
Concurritur : Dux Cumbriæ at impetu
Tanto ingruit ; tam prospere is usus est
 Ardore turmarum ; ut rebelles
 Diruerit, sine clade victor.
Sic flamma, si quando in segetem incidit
Spirante vento, corripit obvia
 Quæque ; et, volans culmos per altos,
 Impatiens populatur arva.
Sed nec triumphi, quos peperit Tibi
Classis frequentes, mentem adeo juvant ;
 Quin sic velis firmare pacem,
 Legibus id modo detur æquis.
Læti canemus Te, Patriæ Patrem :
Pax alma quando consiliis tuis
 Terras revisit ; Martis omni
 Sanguinei strepitu remoto.
Longas precamur, Rex bone, ferias
Præstes Britannis ; et populo tuo
 Lætus diu interfis, Deus, si
 Respiciens velit esse salvos.

R. Bentley Procurat. Sen.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

SWIFT as fair Atalanta left behind
The baffled lover and the tardy wind,
Thou, gentle Peace didst fly the British plain,
And all the Muses sigh'd for thee in vain.
Where erst thy olive mix'd with bays was seen
For ever fruitful and for ever green,
Grim Mars his bloody banners did uprear,
And formidably shook his adamantine spear.
Where once the jocund youth and damsels sung,
Where the pipe warbled and the lute was strung,
The trumpet's clang resounded from afar,
And Echo learn'd the language of the war.
Such was the storm — till WILLIAM bid it cease,
And with unwearied toils redeem'd fair Peace;
Like Jove's own thunder sprung from pole to pole,
And rous'd up all his father in his soul. —
Patron of Europe, scourge of all her foes,
Thy kingdom's glory, safety, and repose,
Illustrious GEORGE, to whose command is giv'n
The ocean and all seas beneath the heav'n,
(Where Neptune late submissive to thy laws
Brandish'd his vengeful Trident in thy cause,
And spread the fame of thy renowned reign
Loud as his waves and wide as his domain)
Welcome, thrice welcome to the British strand
With that benign Caduceus in thine hand.
Be that the righteous sceptre of thy throne,
While vanquish'd foes thy mild dominion own.
But shou'd the power of France or pride of Spain
Tempt out the sword of Justice once again,
Still thou the cause of nations shalt decide
With Kings thy clients, and with God thy guide.

W. Gordon C. C. C. Procurat. Jun^r.

GRATULATIO.

EXORIARE, alnum promens mortalibus ortum,
Jamdudum expectata dies; nec te ulla retardent
Fata, Britannorum mitescere nescia votis :
Exoriare, novæque feras spectacula pompæ,
Qualia nec victore dies memoranda WILHELMO,
CÆSAREISVE sacræ dederint natalibus horæ.
Ipse tibi insolitos indicit CÆSAR honores,
Ipse vocat pompam; postquam fera munia belli
Compositis cessere odiis, penitusque refedit
Lassa diu longo mœrens Europa tumultu.
Cernes læta tuam, pulsâ caligine, noctem
Luminibus fervere novis, et spargier ignes
Per cœlum innocuos : grato tibi murmure raucas
Cornua recludent fauces; et ahenea leti
Instrumenta tuis centeno fulmine discent
Plaudere, sæva prius pacique inimica, triumphis.
At non innocuos splendescere vidimus ignes,
Non belli simulacra tonare, Britannia justis
Cum furiis animata maris tremefecit utrumque
Littus Atlantæi; vexataque Gallia sensit,
Sensit Iber, cui jus liquidarum cedat aquarum,
Cui pater Oceanus subjectis pareat undis.
Jussit et Angligenas virtus invicta repostos
Terrarum penetrare aditus, atque æquora vastis
Sinarum prætenta plagis; Oriente sub ipso
Ire juvat, Romæ quæ vix deducit alumnos
Cæca superstitio, vix importunus habendi
Urget amor nautas, durataque corda peric'lis.
Nunc quoque, nunc nostræ patet ingens area famæ,
Pacis opus; ratibusque manet maris æquor arandum.
Hinc merces mutandæ, et amœnum profluit uber
In Thamesin Tagus, et flaveni exæstuat auro :
Hinc, Augusta, tibi sua vectigalia Ganges
Submittit; tibi Peruvix præciosa metalla
Fœcundat genitale solum; fuscique ministrant
Nascitur Eöo quicquid de vere Sabæi.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Usque adeò varias æterno limite gentes
Discrevit DEUS; et montes, ac lustra ferarum
Horrida, vicinis posuit confinia terris;
Oceanique morâ fluviisque coercuit altis:
Ira tamen metas et propugnacula spernit
Naturæ, totumque animo complectitur orbem.
Inde acies directæ, et dira licentia belli
Spargit cæde domos, atque ignibus occupat urbes:
Inde, pruinosæ rigidis è sedibus Arcti
Erumpens, montana cohors bacchatur; et omnis
Impia Gallorum Germania devovet arma.
Tanta, per Europam nuper grassata dolentem,
Pestis ab inferni tenebris sese extulit antri;
Tanta, Tuis nunc auspiciis exterrita longè,
CÆSAR, abit, solvitque gravi formidine terras.
Illa tui plausus populi lætosque Britannûm
Invitâ bibit aure sonos, lucemque perosa
Noctis triste caput pallentibus occulit umbris.
Ille etiam, nostri quondam pars magna doloris,
Ille, Caledonios duro qui milite campos
Turbavit, Gallos et inhospita deserit arva,
Præruptasque fugâ reditum molitur ad Alpes.
Tu quoque, tu, cui CÆSAR opus permisit agendum
Pacis, et infensos voluit componere reges,
Expectatus ades; nec te, quæ plurima, ponti
Interclusit hyems: tibi leniit illa tumultus
Æquoris, et tardos, Britonum memor, impulit Euros.
Pulsa diu, atque omnes erroribus acta per oras,
Huc tandem Pax alma, tuis advecta carinis,
Concessit, posuitque sacros mansura Penates:
In medio qualis pelago vestigia Delos
Constituit firmata, vices non amplius ullas
Ægæi subitura, soloque immobilis hæsit;
Nequicquam insano conjurant agmine fratres
In latus Æolii, cumulique urgentur aquarum;
Illa manet, fixamque tenet per sæcula sedem.

Gulielm. Barford A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc. et Acad. Taxator.

GRATULATIO.

JAM, nimis longo fatiate ludo,
Hinc procul fævos moveas tumultus,
Asperis gaudens, sitiensque vesci

Sanguine, Mavors.

Te piæ matres metuunt, quod uni
Servitus pubes tibi crescit; uxor
Sola te incusat; fera dum morantur

Bella maritum.

Prodeunt tecum, Furor, Ira, Fraudes,
Plurimâ circum volitante formâ
Mortis; incedens Libitina ducit

Pone triumphos.

Sera nunc tandem venias, precamur,
Semper adfistens folio tonantis,
Alma Pax, nostramque revise blando

Lumine terram.

Te chorus Phœbi vocat omnis; audi
Quæ, Cami circum placidi fluenta,
Gens Togatorum tibi vota multo

Carmine fundit.

CUMBRIUS non Te comitem abnegabit,
Collodinenfi licet ille campo
Fuderit turmas Scotiæ rebelles,

Martis alumnus.

GEORGIUS, quanquam dederit triumphos
Pugna Mœnensis, tamen, æquitatis
Cultor, oblatam sine fraude lauro

Innectat olivam.

Henricus Pelham C.C.C. Commenfalis.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

CREDITIS ergo Jovem cœlo regnâsse tonantem?
En magis apparet, sole nitente, Deus!
Hoc sensit CÆSAR; quem non tam bellica Virtus,
Quàm Pax et Pietas mitis ad astra ferunt.
Horrendum fulsit modo, tempestate tument;
Fulsit at hoc animo, lenis ut aura fluat.
Scilicet imperium spernit, ni in corda fuorum,
Movit et ad bellum nil nisi pacis amor.
Nobilis ambitio una est debellare superbos,
Queis parvisse magis, quam superasse, juvat.
En jam vulneribus, quæ inflixerat ipse, medelam
Dat; feriens unâ, sanat utrâque manu!
Triste fugat bellum, belli simulachra fugantur,
En tuba dira filet, musica læta sonat!
Ridet ager, rident redolentia lilia, cornu
Pleno suaveolas Copia fundit opes.
Jam teneros mollis modulatur pastor amores,
Nulla sibi metuens, nulla peric'la, gregi.
Bellicus in falcem curvatam vertitur ensis,
Atque subit formam vomeris hasta novam.
Sub juga delectat solos submittere tauros,
Solaque jam ferro messis opima cadit.
Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,
Lucra petens; tutus visit utrumque Polum:
Hinc aurum et gemmas, fructûs hinc portat abundè,
Fit nostrum quicquid crescit in orbe boni.
His redeunt naves oneratae; ditior una,
Quæ saluum Patriæ reddidit alma Patrem.
O quàm gratus ades cunctis, Rex maxime Regum!
Jam tandem Britonum gaudia plena fluant.
Pace beas omnes, ast O! bis terque beati,
Queis, cum Pace, datur Pacificante frui.

Johannes Gooch Caio-Gonv. Coll. Alumn.

Rev. in Christo Patris *Thomæ* Episcopi Eliensis

Filius natu minor.

GRATULATION.

I.

BE still, my fears, suggest no false alarms;
The poet's rapture, and the lyric fire
Are vain: enough that inclination warms;
No foreign influence needs the willing Muse inspire.

II.

The willing Muse, advent'rous in her flight,
To thee, lov'd Peace, shall raise her untaught strain;
Her thy fair triumphs and thy arts delight,
Thy festive branch she bears and joins thy social train.

III.

High on some wave-worn cliff she views serene,
Safe on the deep, the freighted navies ride;
Old Ocean joys to see the peaceful scene,
And bids his billows roll with an exulting tide;

IV.

Or, where Augusta's turrets cleave the skies,
She loves to mix with Art's inventive band,
Sees Industry in forms unnumber'd rise,
To scatter blessings wide and civilize the land;

V.

Or flies, with transport, to her native plain,
Sees corn-clad fields, fresh lawns, and pastures fair,
Sees Plenty vindicate her antient reign,
And pour forth all her charms to crown the various year:

VI.

But, chief, the Muse to Academic groves
Her kindred train and best-lov'd arts invite;
Thro' Cam's o'ershadowing bow'rs intranc'd she roves,
Whence sacred Science streams and Genius spreads his light.

VII.

Here will I rest, she cry'd; my laurel here
Eternal blooms: here hangs my golden lyre,
Which erst my Spencer tun'd to shepherd's ear,
And loftiest Milton smote with genuin epic fire.

G

And

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

VIII.

And O! if ought my fond presages shew,
On these lov'd bow'rs while Peace her influence sheds,
Some hand again shall snatch it from the bough,
Wake each high-sounding string and charm the ecchoing glades.

IX.

Then shall be sung the glorious deeds of war,
How Virtue strove, where envious Fortune fail'd;
Expecting Fame the conflict view'd from far,
And Britain's valour crown'd, tho' Gallia's host prevail'd.

X.

Yet then, ev'n then (th' indignant verse shall tell)
A surer vengeance rose to overwhelm the foe;
When hell-born Faction issu'd from her cell,
And on her impious head drew half the destin'd blow.

XI.

But, hark! the loud triumphant strains declare,
How Britain's majesty unrival'd rose,
When all the glories of the naval war
Beam'd round her conqu'ring flag and circled ANSON's brows.

XII.

Till thus the Pow'r, by Freedom's sons obey'd :
" Let blood-stain'd glory swell the tyrant's breast ;
" Be mine compassion's healing wing to spread,
" To sheath the wasting sword and give the nations rest :"

XIII.

Then (as the Muse inraptur'd shall display),
War's impious roar and Faction's murmurs cease ;
HIS gracious eye sheds lustre on the day,
And lends the quick'ning beam to cheer the arts of peace.

R. Hurd M. A. Fellow of Emmanuel College.

GRATULATIO.

ΟΪΟΝ ἔ'Ελικῶνθ' ὄρεθ' μέγα τε ζαθεόν τε,
 Οἷα δ' ὄλθ' Παρνήσθ' ἐσεΐσατο· ἥ ρά νυ αὐλὰς
 Συειγὰς τε λυγρὰς τε ἀκκάμην· αὐτὸς Ἀπολλῶν,
 Ὃς μάλα πρηνὸς κνηρὸς ἐπ' Οὐρανίδησι κάθιζεν,
 Ληθόμηνθ' κελάδοιο, πάλιν φόρμιγι λιγείῃ
 Ἰμερρὲν κιθάριξε, λοέσσε τε Κασαλίοιο
 Λευκοτάτῃ ποταμῶν πλοκάμῃς λείβοντας ἔλαιω.
 Οὐχ' ὄσας; Φοίβῳ περικάλλει Μῦσαι ἔπον'),
 Φθόγῃ ἀγαλλομέναι μελιηδέει ὥς ὅταν Ορφεὺς
 Τάρταρον ἠερένῃα διερχόμενθ' κιθάριξεν·
 Τὸν μὲν ὑποχθόνιοι κεχαρηότες ἀμφιγρόντο
 Πασαμύροι ἐνοπῆς· τοίγ' ἔξήλυθε μολπή.
 Φαίης κεν Τίτυον, ἢ Σίσυφον ἀγκυλόμητην
 Λᾶαν βασάζοντα, ἢ Ἰξίονα τρηχῶ ἀκρῶ
 Ρίμφα κυλινδόμηνον, συγερεῖ κοπέτοιο λαθέασθαι.

Ἀλλὰ Σὺ μὲν μάλα χαῖρε, Διοτρεφές· ἥ ρά τοι αὐταὶ
 Μῦσαι λεπταλέης ξανθαὶ πειρών') αἰοιδῆς
 Πὰρ Κάμῃ ποταμοῖο μέγαν ῥόον δρυγυρένθ'·
 Οὐ μὲν σοὶ βροτόλοιγθ' ἐφῆνδανε χαλκείος Ἀρης
 Ἀργαλέων ἐριδῶν λεληημένος, εἰ μὲν Ἐνυῶ
 Χερσὶν ἔχασα ξιφὸς πολέμῃς τέρας, ἀλλ' Ὀμόνοια,
 Ἀλλ' Εὐήμερίῃ τε, ἔ'Ειρήνῃ ἐρατεινῇ.
 Ὡς δ' ὅτε Τιτῆνας γαίης ἐρικυδέας ἦες,
 Ὡσεν ἀπ' Οὐλύμπῃ κορυφῶν γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
 Οὐκ ἄρα οἱ πολέμοι τε φίλοι ἢ ἔργον Ἀρηθ',
 Ὑσμῖναι τε μάχαι τ', ἀλλ' Αἰγίδα θυσασθούεσαν
 Σμερδαλέην ὤμων ἀπεθήκατο, ἥδ' ἔ' ἔλαιαν
 Χερσὶ φίλαις καλὴν δ' ἔτραφεν, ἔρνος ἄριστον.
 Ὡς μὲν δρυσεύσαντος, ἔχεν τρέμος αἰλινὸς ἔχθροις,
 Ἡμετέρῃ Βασιλῇθ'· ὃ δ' ὄβριμα τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων
 Εἵλετο εὐφρονέων, τὰ τε ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' Εἰρήνης
 Δῶκεν ὁμῇ, ἵνα πάντες ἐπαύρων') βιότοιο.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Οὐ γὰρ εἴτ' αἰχμηταῖς, κορυθεῖσι τε λαμποδραῖσιν,
 Ἐφείξεν πένδιον βαθυλήιον, εἰδὲ καθ' ὕλην
 Ἴωποι ἀερισπόδες πυκινὸν χρεμετισμὸν ἰέντες
 Καρπαλίμως φέρον ἄρμα μὲν πολεμοῖο γεφύρας.
 Ἐνθα δ' ἄνα σκόλοπας φόβεροις ἐκ τάφρον ὄρυκτῇ
 Ἀνθεα τηλεθάον, καὶ ἐπεδράμε καρπὸς ἀξένης
 Αὐθις ἀγαλλόμενοι, καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὸς αἱματόεσσης
 Δημήτης γελασάσα πάλιν τρέπεν ὅσπερ Φαινώ.
 Χαῖρ', ὦ νάξ, χαῖρ', αὐθι, πολὺς δέ σοι ὄλεος ὀπηδεῖ,
 Ἦδ' ῥηφενίη· σιβαρὸν σοι φαίδιμος Ἄρης
 Ἐγχεος ἐκὼν ἐπέδωκε, Ποσειδάων δ' ἰτρίαιναν.
 Οἶον δ' ῥίζην πέλεσθαι φάος Ἡελίοιο
 Φαινομένη λαμπροῖσι μετ' ἄστρασιν ἔρανος ἀκρῶ,
 Τόσον ἄρ, ὃ κρείων, πάντων περβέβηκας ἀνακίων
 Καρτεῖ τε, μεγέθει τε, ἰδὲ φρεσὶν ἐποτ' ἀεργαῖς.

QUALIS sonanti volvitur alveo,
 Durosque latè proluit objices,
 Et plana camporum rapaci
 Sternit aquâ Thamesinus amnis:
 Auditur ingens continuò fragor,
 Sylvæ virentes, et juga montium
 Clamore confuso resultant,
 Attonitique stupent coloni
 Undas ruentes; mox, ubi turbidum
 Sæviffet, agris lenitèr incubat,
 Limumque deducens beatum,
 Prata fovet gremio capaci:
 Talis feroci vividus impetu
 Gradivus arsit, cum Furor, et Metus,
 Cædesque, et insanus Tumultus
 Junxit equos, volucremque currum.

Ut

GRATULATIO.

Ut bellicosas Martia buccina
Ciet cohortes! ut strepitantium
Flictu rotarum, ut luctuoso
Arva fremunt gemitu cadentum!
En! qualis auro fulgidus igneo
Hastam coruscat sanguineam manu!
Urbesque sublimes, et acri
Regna metit populosque ferro!
At nunc acerbis, mitior aspici,
Componit iras, nec lachrymabilem
Distringit ensē, nec minaci
Insequitur Libitina gressu.
En! ut dierum lene fluentium
Effulget ordo! candida Faustitas
Secura frugum, nobilique
Pax oleā decorata ridet.
Jam nunc feraci larga Ceres sinu
Ludens choreas inter amabiles
Exultat, et bigis Britannos
Dia Salus niveis revisit.
Jam nunc Querelæ, nunc Odium et Furor
Cessere retrò; Pax et Amor dies
Serenat, et gaudent Camœnæ
Pierios aperire fontes.
Te, magne CÆSAR, laudibus evehunt
Britanna pubes; Tu Pius et Bonus
Audire gestis; Tu benignæ
Pacis amans, cūlumenque Regni:
Quamvis fugaces impiger hostium
Urgere turmas, non tamen insolens;
Interque victrices catervas
Sanguineis inimicus armis.
Salve! tremendo nomen amabile,
WILHELME, Marti; Flandria seu vocat
Vastata, seu Scotus re belli
Indocilis juga ferre collo.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Tandem tropæis, excutias Deum,
Expletus; en! Pax aurea munere
Vestros adornabit labores
Egregiis potiore palmis.
Nec Te filebo, Te, Pelagi potens
Ansone, partis clarus adoreis,
Quem vidit insignem triumphis
Sol oriens simul et recumbens.
Quin mitis adfis, qui benè CÆSARIS
Arcana calles, sive jubet grave
Tonare bellum, sive dulcem
Reddere vult populis quietem.
Te Veritas, Te cana Fides juvat
Versare fraudes nescia; Te vigor
Honestus incendit; nec æqui
Cultus abest, studiumque recti:
Neu literarum Te pudeat decus;
Te Granta felici omine, Te suum
Agnoscit, et lætæ patronum
Sollicitant, Tua cura, Musæ.

Johannes Symonds Coll. Div. Johann, Alumn.

DEEP in the winding mazes of a wood,
On Thames' fair bank, Britannia pensive stood.
There on her pointless jav'lin she reclin'd,
While her loose tresses wanton'd in the wind;
And at a distance on the ground were thrown
Her plummy helmet and her laurel crown.
Beneath her feet, by circling flow'rs conceal'd,
Lay Freedom's precious gift, her fav'rite shield;
That shield, the Hero's boast, the Tyrant's dread,
Which oft has guarded Marlborough's glorious head,

And

GRATULATION.

And oft from either WILLIAM's sacred brow
Has turn'd aside the meditated blow :
Here in the sculptur'd gold a Lion roar'd ;
There her lost empire Tyranny deplor'd,
And mad Ambition and his lawless train
Repining lay, and gnaw'd fair Freedom's chain ;
While lillies, with the rose and thistle join'd,
In graceful union round the border twin'd.
The Goddesses musing heav'd a piteous sigh,
Then thus began, and wip'd each tearful eye ;
While Thames to listen left his oozy bed,
And silently inclin'd his reedy head.

“How long shall Mars with unresisted sway,
“His bloody ensigns o'er the world display ?
“Still shall the cries of orphans wound my ears ?
“Still must I grieve to view the widow's tears ?
“And pity's soothing balm in vain apply,
“Those cries to silence and those tears to dry ?
“Why are my fields with smiling plenty crown'd,
“Why has kind Neptune stretch'd his billows round,
“If Freedom's call the lab'ring hind constrains
“For war's alarms to quit his promis'd gains,
“Doom'd in Her cause to perish, far remov'd
“From all he valu'd and from all he lov'd ?
“Mistaken men ! these hateful jars give o'er ;
“Let savage Discord vex the world no more :
“But ev'ry act by strictest reason scan,
“And learn to know the Hero from the Man.
“While wars in each unpolish'd region cease,
“And Turks and Tartars taste the sweets of peace ;
“In nature's state while Afric's swarthy bands
“Securely wander o'er their barren sands ;
“While undisturb'd the barb'rous Indian roves
“Thro' spicy fields, or sleeps in citron groves ;
“Shall Europe's sons, enrich'd with ev'ry art
“That can instruct the head or mend the heart,

“To

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

“ To scenes of death with impious fury run,
“ And all the soothing joys of friendship shun?
“ Bid Desolation rage on ev’ry plain,
“ And swell with purple floods the boundless main?
“ Flandria has long with secret horror view’d
“ Her cities sack’d and provinces subdu’d;
“ Belgia in vain unlocks her wat’ry stores,
“ And o’er her lands the subject ocean pours;
“ Italia’s myrtle shades with shouts resound,
“ And her proud buildings smoke upon the ground:
“ Nay, not content to spread our num’rous hosts
“ O’er Europe’s fields, and vex our native coasts,
“ To distant climes our legions we convey,
“ On Indian seas our hostile flags display;
“ There fright the peaceful regions with alarms,
“ And rouse the natives of the East to arms.
“ Perhaps ev’n now the proud insidious Gaul,
“ To crown his triumphs, meditates My fall;
“ Faction may once again his aid implore,
“ And Gallic navies hover round my shore.
“ Should he succeed — farewell my ancient fame!
“ Farewell th’ unrival’d honours of my name!
“ Farewell my boasted empire o’er the main!
“ Bedford has toil’d and Anson fought in vain.”

While thus the Goddess, with an anxious mind,
Pour’d out her soft complainings to the wind;
Swifter than thought a ray of heav’nly light,
Dispell’d the gloom and cheer’d her ravish’d sight:
And strait in snowy garb a beauteous maid
Celestial sweetness to her eyes display’d;
In careless folds her garment trail’d along,
And negligently loose behind her hung;
With female softness shone her lovely face,
Awful she mov’d with more than manly grace;
Fresh garlands deck’d her brow, and in her hand
She stretch’d the pledge of peace, an olive wand.

“ Again

GRATULATION.

“ Again the Gods, (she cry’d) Britannia, smile,
“ Mov’d by your sighs, on this their fav’rite isle;
“ For see! again, to dry those falling tears,
“ The long-forgotten form of Peace appears.
“ In happy union join’d, the sea and land
“ Shall homage pay, and own my mild command;
“ My empire shall extend from shore to shore,
“ And Discord’s fierce alarms be heard no more.

“ Bless’d isle! alike for arms and arts renown’d,
“ Adorn’d with heroes and with statesmen crown’d;
“ Those form’d to curb by war oppression’s rage,
“ And these by peaceful councils to assuage:
“ The rescued world to each her freedom owes,
“ Since here a Churchill and a Sandwich rose.
“ Nor think, Britannia, I shall cease to shed
“ My kindest influence on your favour’d head;
“ While each fond eye with anxious joy surveys
“ Those pledges of your peace in future days,
“ The blooming Royal Progeny, design’d
“ To bless these nations and adorn mankind.
“ The Sons with gentle sway thy realms shall guide,
“ And Cato’s virtues share, without his pride;
“ Each lovely Daughter shall like Marcia shine,
“ And graceful ease with sacred manners join:
“ While Kings, inspir’d by love, or aw’d by fear,
“ Shall court thy friendship, and thy pow’r revere.

“ But now to clear with smiles your clouded brow,
“ And banish from your breast each secret woe,
“ See where thy happy Monarch, wafted o’er
“ With prosp’rous omens from the Belgic shore,
“ Returns, with me his much-lov’d isle to greet,
“ And lay his peaceful trophies at your feet.”

These welcome sounds with transport and surprize
The Goddess heard, then rais’d her drooping eyes;
And, to compleat her bliss, with pleasing awe
The well-known form of her Deliv’rer saw:

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Plenty before him strow'd with flow'rs the ground,
And Peace with blooming wreaths his temples crown'd :
At their approach the Sons of Discord fled,
And Fraud conceal'd in shades her hateful head ;
Ev'n Faction's loud complaints were sooth'd to rest,
Astonish'd Envy bow'd her haughty crest ;
And all with silent admiration gaz'd,
When GEORGE's hand the peaceful olive rais'd.
So, when Æneas wav'd the golden bough,
Stern Charon smooth'd his formidable brow ;
And view'd the Hero with less furlly mien,
Struck with the sacred gift, so rarely seen :
While airy forms, with joy unknown before,
Beheld the glitt'ring branch and crouded to the shore.

J. Duncombe B.A. C. C. C.

DUM flores nectunt alii, et certamine magno
Turba poetarum calathis fert munera plenis,
Quot Parnassus habet, quot Pieris unda colores ;
Flosculus hic noster cupit inserpisse coronæ,
Et miscere suos, nimis ambitiosus, odores.
Non mihi cum Pindo commercia, non mihi fontes
Affluxere ori : siquis tamen, hæc quoque siquis
Carmina pauca leges, crudelia fundere verba
Parce precor juveni, teneræque illudere Musæ ;
Quin potius junxisse chorum Pœana canentem
Et nobis liceat, liceat modulamina vocis
Exercere rudis, Phœboque offerre recentes
Primitias Musæ, et gratæ tentamina mentis.
Pace vigent artes, foliorum prodiga laurus,
Pacis amica, hilares latè florentior ornat

Ramos,

GRATULATIO.

Ramos, et gaudet Musarum templa coronans :
 Quis vates, vel Musa neget quæ carmina paci ?
 O utinam ! cœptis respondeat æqua potestas ;
 Ut reducem nostris pacem feliciter oris
 Aggrederer, laudes ausus celebrare superbas
 AUGUSTI, juvenemque ducem, patriique ministrum
 Fulminis, et victam bello Calydonia furentem.
 Quanta animi virtus Tournæa per arva triumphos
 Speravit fatis obstantibus ! (Ilion olim
 Concidit, et meruit frustra certamine magno
 Hectoris ipsa manus palmam). Melioribus inde
 Auspiciis Fortuna redux Heroa revisit ;
 Et quid consiliis potuit sapientibus audax
 Dextra Tui Martis, GEORGI, sensere catervæ
 Victrices dudum ; sensit Calydonius amnis.
 Quin et navali surgentes Marte triumphos
 Enumerare datur, rostrisque annexere festa :
 En ! fugiunt Galli ! ventisque Britannia vocatis
 Læta sequi pubes hostem properare videtur,
 Vela dare, et laxos jam jamque immittere funes —
 Hæc vellem narrare audens, sed multa volenti
 Deficiunt vires ; lusi fatis — his tamen impar.
 Sit verò, sit cura aliis, melioribus oro,
 Reddere jus populis, pacisque imponere morem :
 Sit mihi pace frui ; atque inter jucunda vireta,
 Jam secunda metûs, lætâ florentia pace,
 Sit precor O ! spatium et ducere leniter ævum.

Gul. Cheere Coll. Magd. Alumn.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

JAM filet clangor strepitusque belli;
Jam tacent blandæ metuenda matri
Tympana, et multo madidus cruore

Conditur ensis;

Jam per infuetos pelagi recessus
Nauta discursat vagus, et per undas
Liberè exultat peregrina ponto

Prora recluso:

Hoc tibi, dignis decorate belli
Præmiis, Anfone, Britannia pubes
Debet; ah! nunquam tua fama longâ

Nocte sepulta

Excidat, per quam bene notus orbis
Cursus extremi patet; O! viarum
Tædia expertus pelagique, salve!

Alter Ulysses.

Tu mari Gallos nimium minaces
In fugam vertis; tibi victa toto
Signa submittit pelago repressi

Classis Iberi.

Nectat et fronti galeâ solutæ,
Artium cultrix et amica Paci,
Civicam palmam, faveatque proli

Musa togatæ.

Jam suos Etona parens alumnos
Jactat, insignis nimium beata
Pube, Sandvicoque superba celso

Vertice furgat.

Hic Tuis Pacem auspiciis, GEORGI,
Exulem ad nostras revocavit oras:
Hic modo infensas sociavit arcto

Fœdere gentes;

Pristinam et mulcens rabiem loquelâ,
Qualiter laurum retulit WILHELMUS
Præmium Martis, Tibi dona Suadæ

Præstat olivam.

Gulielm. Brereton Coll. Regal. Socius.

GRATULATIO.

CESSARUNT strepitus dubiique pericula belli,
GEORGIUS in terris otia læta facit.
Primum ubi libertas ad honesta coëgerat arma,
Victrici hostiles depulit ense manus:
Sat sibi, sat patriæ exegit; nec morte suorum
Ulterius pietas bella movere finit.
Devicti Dominus, Pellæi more, fuisses,
Servati, GEORGI, nunc Pater orbis eris.

Rob. Richardson Coll. Emman. Alumn.

O ! Quanta lux est orta Britanniaë !
Quantis ocellos perculit ictibus !
Ut ingruentis dissipatus
Excidii tenebrosus horror !
Inauspicato dixerat ebrius
Fastu tyrannus; " vincula subditi
Incude defingant athena,
Flectere colla juvat Britannum;
Jucunda me Victoria provocat,
Reges superbos regnaque proruam;
Præbente Neptuno marinos
Accipiam sine cæde fasces;
Audite, quos aut fuderat impiger
WILHELMUS, aut absorpserat involans
Danubius, jam audite, Manes,
Angliacæ sonitum ruinæ:
Ultor parentum nobilis audiam,
Florescet ævi nescia gloria,
Servabit æternos honores
Non foliis viduanda laurus."
At at furorem diminuunt opes
Fractæ, Anglicanis sospes ab ignibus
Vix una navis, vix nefasto
Nuncius exitio superstes.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Cadunt strepentum murmura cornuum;
Europa Martis fibila fulgura
Non obstupefcit, nec cruentas
Instituit Libitina pompas.
Io! falutatum Capitolium
It GEORGIUS; tandem advenis, advenis,
Pax alma, defeffis Britannis,
Virgineum video ruborem.
Gaudete gentes feditionibus
Diu occupatæ; confonet undique
Discordiis vexata tellus,
Infolito fremat unda plaufu.
Rerum ordo magnus nascitur; Artium
Sedes quietas læta petit cohors;
En! gaudio perfufa fummo
Granta videt reduces Camænas.
Minora difcat volvere Gallicus,
Adhuc rubescunt fulmina GEORGII,
Navesque plures copiasque
Excipiet refluxum fepulchrum.
O! Diis amatum qui regis Albion,
Præfens triumphis vertere funera,
Cœloque flavefcemem ariftis
Uberibus revocare Pacem;
Te Sardus audax, te Batavus colit,
Tibi ominofis horrida tigribus
Germania acceptam falutem
Grata refert, placidosque foles;
Serò, precamur, dicier abnuas
Cuflosque præfens, et Patriæ Pater;
Heroibus ferò reposcas
Afta data, emeritumque Cœlum.

R. Bullock Coll. Div. Joh. Alumn.

GRATULATION.

AT length the hostile sound of war is o'er,
And foreign discord shakes our isle no more.
See! on each cheek a dawning smile appears,
Each joyful mother dries her falling tears.
She who late trembled for her fav'rite care,
Sent in warm youth to hardy deeds of war,
While o'er his head the whistling bullets fly,
And doubtful hangs the scale of victory,
Now crown'd with fame, in glorious battle won,
Welcomes with op'ning arms her conqu'ring son.

Hail mighty Prince! whom palms immortal grace,
Thou pride and glory of the Brunswick race!
To thee shall every Muse her tribute raise,
And distant ages learn to sound thy praise.
Thou saw'st how war swept to the greedy tomb
Britannia's heroes in their earliest bloom;
Thou heard'st the father's, mother's, widow's sighs;
Thou saw'st the tears gush silent from their eyes;
And sorrowing that thy guiltless sons shou'd bleed,
(Tho' fame eternal crowns each deathless deed)
Bad'st from rude arms contending nations cease;
The world obey'd thee, and was hush'd in peace.

Well may proud France the happy juncture bless,
Her losses mightier, and her glory less.
Tho' servile realms wou'd her dominion own,
And conquer'd nations tremble at her throne;
Britannia's sons shall still their rights maintain,
Still balance Europe's Fates, and rule the subject main.
There godlike Anson, ever-sacred name,
Smit with the love of honourable fame,
From deathless acts immortal glory draws,
Triumphant conqu'ring in his country's cause.
Thy deeds did Gallia's inmost fears alarm,
And Spain too trembled at thy thund'ring arm!
Oh! had but late our careful wish prevail'd,
Had ten like Thee the distant ocean sail'd;

To

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

To other kingdoms had our arms been hurl'd,
And GEORGE, like Cæsar, aw'd the conquer'd world!
Hence when late times some lawrel'd bard shall raise,
To sing, great Monarch! thy victorious praise;
When list'ning sons shall by their fires be taught,
How GEORGE commanded, and how WILLIAM fought:
Thy fame, O Anson! shall the song adorn,
And ages bless thee, that are yet unborn.
There too shall Sandwich, crown'd with ev'ry grace,
The noble stamp of his illustrious race,
Of future times the fair esteem engage
Whose early wisdom match'd the strength of age:
While gen'rous tongues from slander shall defend,
The loyal statesman, and his country's friend.

To raise 'twixt neighb'ring realms a jealous hate,
To mingle factions, and embroil a state,
Sufficient wit each fighting fool can find;
As seas are ruffled by the smallest wind.
But when proud nations mix in dire alarms,
And plead for justice by the laws of arms;
When craving Monarchs urge a diff'rent claim,
And this for empire fights, and that for fame;
Who then shall bid the jarring world agree?
That task, O Sandwich! Heav'n reserv'd for thee.

J. Cranwell B. A. Sid. Suff. Coll.

GRATULATIO.

CLANGOR tubarum jam filet, et diu
Sævo tumultu, jam nimium diu,
Bellona debacchata cessat
Sanguineos agitare currus.
Tantas procellas excipit aeris
Rifus sereni. Pax inamabilem
Discordiam cognatum ad Orcum,
Quæ miseras inimicat urbes,
Victrix remisit. Jamque pii greges
Heroum in arvis Elysiis, suo
Cruore gaudentes, salutem
Se patriæ peperisse cernunt.
Jam nunc laboris præteriti memor,
Lætusque, campos sanguine regio
Germaniæ sparsisse gaudet,
Et toties subiisse mortis
Vices WILHELMUS. Munera scilicet
Pacis petebat; cui facilem Dea
Se præbuit tandem petenti,
Seque piis pia junxit armis.
Parata tantis dona laboribus
Servare fas sit; nec venerabilis
Diutius magni GEORGII
Canities galea prematur.
Perjura quicquid posse velit fides,
Sanctique quicquid fœderis improbus
Contemptor usquam moliatur,
Perfidiae sceleratus auctor;
Suum ipse pœnas devocet in caput.
At Diis amicis gens pia numinum
Cultrix fruatur, quæque fugit
Bellâ gerens, agat et triumphos.

R. Plumtre A. M. Coll. Regin. Soc.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

CHORDA diu citharæ tremulum socialibus auxit
Parva melos lituis, atque Aonia Aganippe
Turbida se effudit bello: dum Musa Britanno
Æquora personuit Pæane; aut cana nivali
Saxa jugo magni famæ servire VINHELMI
Jussit, et Arctoam lauris frondescere brumam.

At neque Castaliis Europæ vulnera lymphis
Siccârunt Musæ, medicâ nec voce tulerunt
Plectra salutiferam Panacæam: at fixa silenti
Terra stupet luctu, donec tandem impius omnis
Exfudet belli furor, et decocta residat
Luxuries animorum, et anheli pectoris æstus.

Usque adeo humanæ compescit cura salutis
Virtutem ardentem GEORGI: non ille protervum
Cæde rapit sitiens Martem, licet æquora victor
Imperiis premat æternis: non ille cadentum
Funereis inhiat mixtum Pæana querelis,
Serta nec Aonio vatum fucata veneno.
At fortunati nimium monumenta furoris
Respuit exuvias: juvat ægræ elidere terræ
Indigenam pestem, secretaque semina belli.

Ergo age, ne pudeat mentem explicuisse, GEORGI,
Marte laceffitam nimio; at secura medullis
Gaudia se raptim infundant, dum tramite lævi
Tranquillæ furtim juga per declivia vitæ
Occidui trepidant soles noctemque reducunt.

Tuque etiam sylvis tandem succede, VINHELME,
Vinformis; gelidis vidit quem montibus olim
Nescia moliri occiduum jubar Arctica stella
Ire parem, cinctumque Hybernâ tempora lauru;
Ludicra cum torquens cerebri vertigine sceptrâ
Italus iste puer, cum monticolum comitatu,
Versicolore caput mitrâ, crinemque rigentem
Subnexus, Scotiæ temerarius intulit arma,
Exiguosque animos efflavit inanibus ausis.

At

GRATULATIO.

At non interea jacuit sine viribus ira
Tarda Deûm: sed enim pestis se noxia terræ
Implicuit venis; et vindex gleba malignas
Fudit opes, pinguique veneno perfida risit.
Continuo tepidis armenta vaporibus icta
Torpent; et laxis laterum compagibus, udi
Semina concipiunt tabi: crebro impete passim
Ægra labant, putrique inestant funere campos.
Usque adeo afflictis luimus Caledonica rebus
Crimina: ne precor O Superum Pater optime, qualis
Arctoas acies prædæ importuna cupido
Montibus exegit patriis, nunc desuper arvis
Infundat nostro fruituras sole Cicadas:
Ne volucris quacunque exercitus obstrepat alis,
Pone Fames rursum subeat; gravioreque rura
Italus exultet spectans populata ruinâ.

Nec mora, quin positis mitescunt jugera bellis
Prodiga deliciarum; en! dudum infecta cruore
Conscia gleba tumet, succoque informia saxa
Vitali lasciva tepent genitalibus auris.

Fluctibus æquoreis seu Pax prætendat olivam,
Littora deseruere rates: pars carbasa læta
Pandit ad Hesperium solem, flavasque recludit
Argenti tremulo percussas lumine cunas;
Eoas pars lustrat aquas, et fertile thure
Uber agri, crebrisque interlita saxa pyropis.
Protinus Italicis vindemia solibus ardens
Spumat in Angliacis pateris: en! turbidus auro
Tamus adoptivo Gangis fluit auctior æstu,
Totaque Panchæis Brittannia fragrat arenis.

Nec nulla interea solvit munuscula Granta
Impatiens Phœbi: en! nostras discriminat umbras
Chorda Lyrae solers, incisæque sylva frequentes
Pullulat in versus, et docto cortice frondet.

Eja agite, Heroum, quos funere merfit acerbo
Immatura dies, læti requiescite manes,

Feli-

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Felicesque animæ; Grantæ dum cura favillis
Sacrat humum pinguem vestris, lachrymæque silenti
Eloquio stillat dolor, et se Martia laurus
Pulchra sub irriguâ cupressi subjicit umbrâ.

Tuque O ne teneræ spernas, Sandvice, Camenæ
Dulce ministerium: en! plectris modulamina Musæ
Eliciunt tibi sacra, tuo si munere oliva
Lascivos hederæ sociali candida ramos
Conferit, et toto furgit Pax aurea mundo.

J. Hallam Coll. Regal. Alumn.

WHILE Peace, fair heav'n-born maid, reviews our Isle,
And quicken'd nature blooms beneath her smile;
While Thames transported rolls his laughing stream,
And echoing skies Britannia's joy proclaim:
Cam touch'd with sympathy in murmurs sings;
And calls the Muses to his hallow'd springs.

Hear, laurell'd Nymphs; for WILLIAM now no more
Demands your trophies on a foreign shore:
While doves plant olives round the Hero's shield,
Hail him triumphant from the well-fought field.

Oft have ye seen when pouring on the foe,
The swift-wing'd lightning darted from his brow;
When trembling myriads scarce his hand withstood,
And crimson Maine was dy'd in Gallic blood.
The German eagle heard the rude alarm,
And bore her thunder unto WILLIAM's arm;
WILLIAM alone the massy bolt could wield:
And Belgia's Lion couch'd behind his shield.
Ye saw the Russian, fir'd at Britain's fame,
Rise from the banks of Volga's distant stream:
Rough from the pole the frozen Hero flies,
And melts and burns beneath our summer-skies.

Great

GRATULATION.

Great are his toils: but equal the reward,
If WILLIAM praise the labours of his sword.

Bellona now ascends her dragon-car,
New terrors blacken the dire face of war.
See, where the Gallic millions croud the plain!
Nor does Britannia bare her arm in vain.
Goddess of mildness! bid their souls relent,
For Europe trembles at the great event.
She comes! fair Concord radiant from above
Comes gently-hov'ring like her emblem-dove.
From her white pinions heav'nly dew descends:
Rage melts to Sweetness, iron Malice bends.
Auspicious maid! thou canst the sword beguile,
And bid the dreary face of Horror smile.
Thus when, array'd in night, loud tempests rise,
And gushing torrents issue from the skies;
Phœbus all-radiant cheers the gloomy scene,
And paints the beam-dy'd Iris on the rain.

See! what new glories gild yon azure plain!
'Tis Neptune riding o'er the curling main.
Around his pearly car the Nereids play,
And from the shell loud Triton calls the lay.
Forgive the Muse! 'tis Albion's Monarch sails:
'Tis GEORGE returns on Fortune's happiest gales.
See, to the shores exulting patriots throng,
Joy on each brow, applause on ev'ry tongue.
Hail Son of Fame! hail Fav'rite of the skies!
Britannia now shall taste Saturnian joys;
Astræa violated maid return,
And roseate Plenty crown her purple horn.
Again the swain renews his am'rous tales,
On bleating mountains or in lowing vales.
Fearless the merchant sweeps the billow'd wave,
Nor hears from far the hostile thunder rave.
Nor thou, sage Industry, forget thy toil,
So shall rich harvests glad the teeming soil:

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

No shouts of battle now alarm thine ear,
Or blast the glories of the golden year.

Now heav'n-taught Science leads her peaceful train :
Ye sons of Harmony, attend your Queen.
Cam owns the footsteps of the hallow'd maid,
And bids fresh flowrets blossom at her tread :
The young-ey'd Graces weave their laurel wreathes ;
And the rap't Bard poetic fury breathes.
Where will the Nymph her awful face unveil ?
Say, in what thoughtful grove or cloyster'd cell ?
Where Spenser's muse-led Fancy plum'd her wing ?
Or where young Milton heard the Seraphs sing ?
Where patriot Cecil won the civic crown ?
Or Newton built the empire of the sun ?
There shall each British youth, to glory born,
With orient beams the dawn of life adorn ;
Learn to be great, and ripen into fame,
And pant for Honour, not its phantom Name.
Till future fates shall break the worlds repose ;
Then rush advent'rous on his country's foes.

W. Hazeland of S. John's College.

COMMISSAS acies, et Martis iniqua gementem
Vidimus infidam plebem ; nunc munera Pacis
Increpet idem animus, laudemque in crimina vertat
Indocilis pravique tenax. Ubi commoda vera
Turba levis vel nôsse potest ? vel nota fateri ?

Has tamen, has saltem similis dementia sedes
Prætereat ; quantâ primùm cum laude senatus
Jusserit armari Britonas, quos justus in hostem
Excierat dolor, ac meritis accenderat iris,
Nec meminisse pudet, nec Nos memorare pigebit.
Sat campis pelagoque datum ; sat fulmina Gallus

Nostra

GRATULATIO.

Nostra recensabit, bellatricesque carinas.
Jam facies mutata poli; filuere procellæ,
Gratior et fulget rediens post nubila Phœbus.
Ipse Pater patriæ, metuens audentibus Anglis,
Tam latam esse viam lethi vetat; undique belli
Sævitiæ gemit, ac viduatas civibus urbes.
Quinetiam hyberno molitus fidere classẽ,
Prætendit ramos Pacis; populoque salutem,
Immemor ipse suæ, ventosa per æquora quærit.
Pandite nunc rivos, plenoque afferte Camœnæ
Dona sinu; dextrâ citharam pulsate lubenti:
Solennis celebranda dies; quâ nulla Britannis
Gratior affulsit, vobis neque sanctior ulla,
Unde salus reparata, novæque ad carmina vires.
Namque (fatebor enim) postquam tuba rauca sonârat,
Ipse Pierides, atque ipse reliquit Apollo
Has sedes, mærens; heliconia flumina dicunt
Aut properâsse retrò cursufve fuisse morata.
Otia amant Musæ; Musis dedit otia Cæsar:
Pro tristi gladio, pro sanguineis tormentis,
Vomer et attritæ discent splendescere falces.
Haud ita Colchiacis optabile munus ab arvis
Rettulit Æsonides, cum, vellere dives et auro,
Æquora dilectos per lata reviseret Argos,
Plausum inter fremitumque virûm, strepitusque frequentes.
Tuque adeò, duris belli defuncte peric'lis,
Digna Patris magni Soboles, lætere tuorum
Lætitiâ, Martis nec te novus excitet ardor.
Immortale decus Britonum! Tua fama nepotes
Stabit apud memores, ac vires colliget annis.
Siste gradum; qui pacis honos, quæ gaudia secum
Mollior hora ferat, reputa: ac sine tempora circum
Inter victrices oleam tibi serpere lauros.
Ergò agite, et mecum festæ memorate diei
Plausus, Pierides: Pacis sacra pandite tecta.
Vestibulum antè ipsum primoque in limine Divæ

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Cana Fides, frontemque gerens Spes alma serenam
Accumbunt juxtà: dulcis Labor intùs, et Artes
Multiplices habitant, veterumque volumina Vatum
Prætendens dextrâ studiosa Scientia versat.
Te quoque ridentem, te cernimus, undique fufis
Copia divitiis, ac cornu fuave rubenti.
Quæ tamen in mediâ sacrum caput extulit æde
Ante alias famâ major, majorque videri?
O! quam te memorem, Virgo, quæ splendida furgis
Barbaricis opibus, gazâque nitentis Eoi?
Quantus adest circum confusus ubique tumultus?
Turba senum, juvenumque, intentaque lumina matrum,
Virgineique chori passim! Te candida Phillis
Poscit opem; captos scintillet ut inter amantes,
Ingeminat vota, ac supplex Te Numen adorat.
Immenfi certè pelagi Dea; nam tua nautæ
Jussa manent, latum per te maris æquor arantes
Indiam in Europam portant; hinc nostra triumphat
Insula dives opum variarum; hinc quicquid in usus
Provenit humanos, nostrum est; nec dicere fas est
Ulteriùs toto divisos orbe Britannos.

O quâ, Came filens, leni perlaberis undâ,
Castaliis mihi major aquis, quâ voce futuris
Temporibus tot donâ canam? quo carmine gratus
Egregium celebrem tanta inter gaudia REGEM?
Nunc iterum dulces modulantur carmina Musæ;
Nunc iterum ridens sua munera fundit Apollo.
Tuque, O Granta, vides magnos procedere menses:
Fortunata nimis! dum belli limina sanctis
Ferreâ clauduntur vinc'lis; dum blanda merenti
Fortuna aspirat; sedesque hæc Præfide fulget
Amplificata novo, atque augusti quisque Patroni
Virtutes sequitur, quas admiratur, alumnus.

Gul. Addington C. C. C. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

A D

DUCEM CUMBRIÆ.

VERIS sodales æquora temperant
Jam fessa ponti, qui tumidis aquis
Fervere sub noctem solebat,
Et fremitu resonare rauco:
Distincta olivâ jam redit aurea
Pax veris instar; pulchrior et dies
Affulget Europæ, quietum
Copia dum graditur per orbem.
Non Rixa lætos imbuit horrido
Squalore campos, non fremit amplius
Bellona, nec placatus Ister
Intonat exitio et ruinis:
Serto sed illic tempora vinciunt
Festo puellæ, et gramine florido
Ducunt choreas, aut vagantur
Molliculas violas legentes.
Ridente prato en! luxuriant greges;
En! vacca rursus rura perambulat
Secura, dum pastor sub umbrâ
Persequitur calamis amicam.
Natura gazas ubere de sinu
Fœcundiores munifica explicans
Invitat ardori poetam
Pierio dare vela plena.
Rursus minacem, Georgiades ferox,
Deponis ensẽ; quem positum diu
Rubigo, non turpis situsque
Commaculet bene feriatum!

N

Magnum

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Magnum Austriensis præsidium domûs!
Te vidimus trans æquora ducere.
Nuper phalanges Gallicano
Præcipites dare jura regi.
Te, te ministrum Numinis igneo
Afflare fontes fulmine vidimus,
Atrâ et catervas intredientes
Irruere impavidum procellâ.
Magnum paternæ præsidium domûs!
Testes palustris Drummofia, et fera
Diffensio devicta: Scotum
Quis pavet, incolumi WILHELMO?
Dicitque tandem Celta animo tumens,
Petamus Anglos, quos modo fallere
Effet triumphus; namque fors, et
Sic jubet arbitrium GEORGI.
Iö triumphhe! Flandriaci incolæ
Gaudete salvi! classica jam sono in-
flentur novo, et tormenta ludant
Innocuis gravidata flammis.
Iö triumphhe! plaufibus Albion
Accendat auras, et super Orcadas
Clamor refusus proferatur,
Permeet occiduamque Iernen!
Sed quo clientem Calliope rapis?
Nam gesta PATRIS, bellaque FILII
Illustrior vates sonabit,
Vate fatis celebranda nullo.

Jona. Acklom, Aul. Clar. Alumn.

G R A T U L A T I O.

Ω Τὸν φαεινὸν ἔργον διφρηλατῶν
 Ἀπόλλων, εἰλίσων τε πρὸς ἀλγὸς φλόγα·
 Ὡς δὲ τυχῶς Ἀνγλοῖσι τῇ τότ' ἡμέρᾳ
 Ἀκτῖν' ἐφῆκας, ἥνικ' ἠδίστων ἔχων
 Ποδῶν ὑπερέτῃμα, γῆν ἐς παλῖδα
 Ἔμολεν ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ; ἢ ὀλβιον γέρας
 Φέρων ἐλαίας, δυσυχῇ πάτραν ὀλῶ
 Σάλῳ σεσσειμένῳ ἀπώρθωσεν πάλιν.
 Πάρεστιν ἡμῖν ἐκδοαὶς κορυμμάτων·
 Κυδαίνουρ λοιδᾶσιν ἡμᾶς ὀλβιον·
 Κρότοισιν ἡδὲ χαρμονὴν χορδούρου
 Θυμηδέες· τ' μουσικῆς μελωδίαις
 Πανήμερρι μέλποντες Εἰρήνῳ θεῶν.
 Ποίως δ' ἄρ' ὑπερβῆς ἸΝΕΛΜΟΝ Ἰξερώ;
 ἸΝΕΛΜΟΝ, ὃς φλεγέθων μὲν Ἡλίας βολαῖς
 Ὅμοιός, ἐν παλαγῆς ἀγῶν' ἔπιφλέγει.
 Φρογῇ δ' ἀτιμον, τῶν δρισείων ἄτερ,
 Φαίνειν ἑαυτὸν ὀβριμῷ Καῖσαρ, Φρογῇ
 Φοβερός τ' Ἀλέξανδρος μάχῃ θισίνου·
 Θορύβῳ μὲν ἔχε σέφανον δὲ κλέας μέγαν
 Δι' ἀπιδῶν δι' αἱμάτων διὰ ποινίμῃ
 Χάσμαίῳ ἰὼν στρατηλάτης Βρεταννικός.
 Οὐ τῷδ' ὅμοιός ἐστι τις τῶν ἀνέρων
 Ἀγῶνι προσηγῆν τανύποδας τ' ἐριννύας.
 Οὐκ ὡς Ἀχιλλεύς ἐν μάχαις ἐμαίνειο
 Πρὸς ἔρυμα Τρώων, ἥνικ' ἵπποισι βρέμων
 Δίφροισι τ' ἀπειλῶν μυρίοις κατασκαφὰς
 Πόλεως, γεφύρας ἀνέρων διέτρεχεν.
 Ω χαῖρ' ἀρωγὲ πρὸς ἀλγὸς πᾶρ' ἐλπίδα·
 Οὐ μὲν μαρτυρῶν αὐθι ληθαίῳ σκότῳ
 Ἔσαι σέβας, τεὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερβῆς κλέος
 Λέξουσιν μνήμονες μελάνθρων ἔρμαίῳ.

M. Hodson, Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

GRATES agamus ter meritas Deo,
Qui nos faventi lumine conspicit;
Mitisque jam tandem Anglicano
Retulit imperio quietem :
Ille, ille dextrâ texit amabile
Caput WILHELMI, dum per inhospitos
Montes Scotorum victor ibat
Et rabidos reprimebat hostes.
En instat heros non imitabili
Virtute fervens! en per acinaces,
Per tela, per flammâs ut urget
Quadrupedem intrepidus frementem!
Qualis Jehovæ fervidus armiger,
Quum pervicaces contudit Angelos;
Ducemque disjecit superbum
Stelliferâ metuendus hastâ.
En ut cohortes more ferocium
Ardent leonum! Gloria concitat
Ad arma, Libertasque callens
Vel timidis adhibere vires.
Te copias, te consilia et tuum
Præbente numen, Cœlicolûm Pater,
Quid non WILHELMI GEORGIÏque
Impavidæ efficient catervæ?
Sed jam sat acres Anglia pertulit
Belli tumultus, sat strepuit tuba,
Sat ipse distrinxit minacem
Pro patria GULIELMUS enses.
Non nunc, ut olim, corda senilia
Mordax dolorum discruciat cohors;
Non nunc puellæ lacrymantur,
Nec gemitus resonant per auras.
En pace ridet omnia, et Albion
Suffusa plenis fulget honoribus!
Natura jam exultat, triumphosque
Ingenuæ comitantur Artes.

Ubique

GRATULATIO.

Ubique gliscunt Lætitia atque Amor
Pulchrè renidens, Solitudines,
Amara Curarum, Querelæque
Et dubii fugiunt Timores.
O usque sceptrum nobile CÆSARIS
Oliva adornet! Religio emicet
Sincera, et Hoadlæi beata
Auspiciis vigeat secundis!
Ne civium ardor prava jubentium,
Ne falsa rupto fœdere Gallia,
Nec Papa felices Britannos
Infidiis agitet nefandis!
Te, magne GEORGI, et progeniem inclytam
Ordo dierum lenè fluentium
Oblectet, et serò redonet
Cœlitibus Moderator orbis.

Michael Festing A. B. Coll. Trin.

I.

STRETCH'D on a rock in pensive mood,
Viewing beneath the haughty flood,
Britannia drooping lay;
Revolving her once glorious state,
When styl'd, the happy and the great,
And sov'reign of the sea:

II.

She seem'd to wail these titles lost,
No fleets she saw, the former boast
Of her unrival'd trade:
She wept alas! her trade undone,
Her flag defy'd, her trophies gone,
And troops now meer parade.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

III.

(Ah! that those legions, which might awe
The pride of nations, and give law
To Louis on his throne,
Shou'd by our mad intestine jars
Be thus restrain'd from glorious wars,
To bear their arms at home!)

IV.

In such distress lethargic Spain
Insulting dar'd her on the main,
While Faction stay'd her sword;
Hence, the vain Gaul assum'd the God,
To humble nations at his nod,
As Europe's only Lord.

V.

Hence, when she found ev'n conquest vain,
Such war unable to sustain,
She sternly left the field.
At length, she cry'd, stay CÆSAR, hear;
Stay thy uplifted fruitless spear
And raise the guardian shield.

VI.

She cry'd; when lo! a radiant form,
Bright as the purple-finger'd Morn,
Descended from above:
Her face was fresher than the May,
There dwelt the Graces fair and gay,
With all the smiles of Love.

VII.

Brisk as young Iris look'd the maid,
The Cherub Peace; now sent to aid
Her ever-fav'rite friend:
(So flew to Eve, as Milton sings,
The Seraph veil'd with gorgeous wings,
His guardian help to lend.)

With

GRATULATION.

VIII.

With her there came a goodly crew,
Mirth, Joy, and Friendship ever true,
And freedom from the north;
Above the rest did Plenty stand,
With horn luxurious in her hand
Pouring abundance forth.

IX.

Nor rosy Bacchus did disdain
To join among that comely train,
Holding a cluster'd vine:
There golden Ceres stood confest,
And Pallas, ever-welcome guest,
Where Arts and Science shine.

X.

Much chang'd fair Britain seem'd to fight;
They scarcely knew her in this plight,
So sunk in sad despair:
Her Muses mourn'd, her Arts declin'd,
And Commerce rav'd, Religion pin'd;
Such were th' effects of war.

XI.

The smiling train now nearer drew;
Peace to her drooping fav'rite flew,
Saluted her, and smil'd:
Britannia started at the sight,
As one astonish'd with delight
To find a long-lost child.

XII.

Enraptur'd she return'd th' embrace,
Kiss'd, with All hail! the Cherub's face,
And welcom'd ev'ry guest;
Then mounted strait her golden car,
Peace by her side, like that bright star
The Magi found in th' east.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

XIII.

In state they pass'd the banks of Thame,
'Till to an antient dome they came,
Sacred to holy Paul:
Acclaiming millions 'round 'em throng,
And Iö Pæans were their song;
Peace, was the voice of all.

XIV.

Soon War, and Want, and Famine fled;
Rebellions Hydra hid each head,
And Faction sunk to hell.
Then all was chang'd to festal mirth;
Such is the reign of Peace on earth,
Where-e'er she deigns to dwell.

XV.

Then ev'ry Bard began his lays;
The Laureat try'd to sing her praise,
Tho' tuneless was his Lyre:
Ev'n youths like me, unknown to fame,
Hop'd, when inspir'd by such a theme,
To breath the Thespian fire.

XVI.

Now ev'ry youth and nymph was seen
Tripping it deftly on the green,
To testify their joy:
The sons of Bacchus crown'd the bowl,
Pleasure and peace possess'd each soul,
Mirth was their glad employ.

XVII.

The whistling hinds to tillage haste:
So when the storms and winds are past,
And winter is no more,
The busy bee with joy takes wing,
Breaks forth to labour and to sing,
Wanton in plenteous store.

T. Ansell L.L.B. Fellow of Trinity Hall.

GRATULATIO

DAUGHTERS of Science, ye harmonious maids,
Who haunt learn'd Granta's solitary shades,
Begin the song: glad Peace demands the strain;
Peace, the fair guardian of your tuneful train.
She bids the steel your hallow'd groves forbear;
Your smiling vales a constant verdure wear;
The silver Cam with bloodless waters glide,
And see new structures grace his flow'ry side.

Long hath Ambition's arm the thunder bore,
And spread her dreadful flames from shore to shore.
In vain 'mid' clouds the Alpine mountains stood;
In vain the Rhine indignant swell'd his flood:
These narrow bounds o'erleap'd th' aspiring Gaul,
And in proud hope already grasp'd the ball;
Before his legions stalk'd resistless Fear,
And Desolation ravag'd in the rear.

How long, Ambition, shall thy fury burn?
How long thy rage shall wounded Europe mourn?
At thy command how oft have millions dy'd
To glut some warlike madman's fatal pride!
Is there a Judge, ye Tyrants of mankind,
Who speaks no flattery to the guilty mind?
Reigns there a Pow'r whose justice shall demand
Lives thus profusely squander'd at your hand?
Then tremble, Monarchs, and with conscious dread
Behold stern Vengeance hov'ring o'er your head.
Curs'd be that man, who of dominion proud
First taught the steel to blush with human blood;
O'er conquer'd nations rul'd with iron rod,
And, by mean slaves ador'd, assum'd the God.

Not thus the scepter Albion's Ruler bears;
Europe, with pitying eye he views thy tears:
Behold, obedient to his sacred word
The vengeful warriors sheath the reeking sword;
The harpy Rapine flies the wasted land,
And Peace majestick waves her olive wand.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Her torch extinct, Contention wings her flight
And frowning seeks th' infernal realms of night.

Surveys the fun, insatiate Discord, say,
That land which mourns not thy tyrannick sway?
See Greece, for freedom and for arts renown'd,
O'erwhelm'd in darkness and in slav'ry bound.
Where art thou, Rome? thy glory is no more:
Long hath fair Liberty forsook thy shore:
Her night around blind Superstition spreads;
And o'er thy trophies with proud insult treads.

These, hateful Discord, are thy glorious deeds;
Behold, for thee still trembling Belgia bleeds.
Germania groans reclining o'er her dead,
And pale Italia bows her flow'r-encircled head.

The peasant wand'ring o'er the desert land
In silence curses thy destroying hand;
And turns with anxious thought his weeping eyes
Where once he saw his peaceful cottage rise.
Where the proud palace rais'd its head on high,
O'er the wide waste the awful ruins lye;
There dwells the raven hoarse, and shrieking owl,
There foxes hide, and wolves nocturnal howl.
The wand'ring ivy round the column bends,
The falling turret in the dust descends.
The wind roars hollow through the rifted walls;
And Horror sits within the lonely halls.

Thrice happy change! at length these woes shall end,
And Peace her scepter o'er the world extend.
The spoils of conquest shall the Gaul restore,
And Europe dread his threat'ning arm no more.
See laughing Plenty fill her copious horn,
Her brows with myrtle loose-rob'd Mirth adorn.
The spirit-breathing trump no more shall sound;
Nor fields with iron harvests gleam around:
No purple banners wave aloft in air;
But cease the solemn dreadful pomp of war.

GRATULATION.

No hostile ax shall fell the sacred shade;
Nor raging flames the burning towns invade.
The herds secure shall crop the verdant mead;
And at the plow shall sweat the warrior steed.
Hark, how the groves with rustick songs resound;
Behold the vales with rip'ning harvests crown'd.
The maids and youths in joyous dances move;
And blooming Hymen lights the torch of love.

Arise, Britannia, wipe the falling tear,
And let the sacred olive bind thy hair.
No more shall Flandria see thy heroes slain;
Nor fierce Rebellion thunder o'er thy plain.
To thee from Heav'n the white-rob'd maid descends,
Her handmaid Commerce at her side attends.
Let softer nations trill the trembling string,
Or, to the lute responsive, sweeter sing;
Nature's fair semblance to the marble give,
Or bid with animating touch the canvas live:
Britannia, thou thy stately navies boast;
Thy wealthy trade extend from coast to coast.
For thee the merchant big with hopes of gain
Explores the dangers of the stormy main:
Thy waving cross unfurls to southern skies;
Or where cold Zembla's frozen rocks arise;
Where western India's fields their wealth display;
Or the bright Morn unfolds the gates of day.

Rear, father Thames, thy head with turrets crown'd,
And view with joyful eyes thy banks around.
Unnumber'd vessels stem thy swelling tide,
And various nations throng thy wealthy side.
For thee, behold, the lucid amber streams,
The ruby glows, the sparkling diamond beams;
For thee her odours breathes Arabia's shore;
For thee Potosi's mountains teem with ore.

O come then, gladsome Peace, thou heav'n-born fair,
With all thy smiling train of joys appear:

Stretch

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Stretch o'er the tranquil world an endless reign.
Justice restor'd shall then her throne regain :
Virtue the earth unviolated tread ;
And meek Religion raise her languid head :
Ambition ever at thy feet be bound ;
And war expiring feel the deadly wound.

James Marriott of Trinity-Hall.

DUM sancto ex helicone virenti fronde coronam
Regali innectunt capiti, laurosque perennes,
Turba poëtarum; quid non, Parnassia Diva,
(Quamvis non hederæ crescit tibi copia, nec quæ
CÆSAREOS possit laurus decorare triumphos)
Addis te comitem? dat CÆSAR laudibus amplam
Materiem: O dubias regni qui flectis habenas,
Et magno fluxas Britonum res numine firmas;
Post fractas Lodoici iras, mundique pacem
Debellatum animum, lætam sine, CÆSAR, olivam
Inter victrices tandem tibi crescere lauros.

Divæ, veni tandem, et fessis succurre Britannis
Innumeris longè potior, Pax alma, triumphis.
Quà graderis per agros, perque urbes, undique plausu
Rura sonant, fremituque; tui, Pax, omnia plena :
Alma Salus niveis plaudens circumvolat alis,
Incipit et molli flavescere campus aristâ.
Borbonius tremit interea, fœdusque precatur
Illæsum: cessit multum heu! funesta libido
Imperii; et pacis petit inviolabile pignus,
Et sanctâ adstrictum perjurus compede fœdus.

Huc ades, O sacrasque tibi, Pax, respice sedes,
Namque hos Musarum lucos invaserat horror
Armorum, et sacræ intremuerunt Palladis arces.
Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere Camœnæ?

Cum

GRATULATIO.

Cum sylvas Academi inter, sacrosque recessus
Seditio prope funestum nudaverat ensē?
Heu! quas infelix effudit Granta querelas?
En GULIELME tibi dedit civilis Enyo
Victa manus, veteres frustra meditata furores!
Vindice te, Mater nativo et simplice cultu
Religio defensa nitet, te fospite, nunquam
Romanæ vano incedet meretricis amictu.

O ausa antiquos quoties renovare tumultus
Seditio? quoties summisit victa furorem,
Atque caput nigro gemebunda recondidit orco
Bellorum fecunda parens? quam mœsta tuorum,
O Patria, annalūm series, et flebilis ordo,
Iræque, infidiæque, et belli tristis Erynnys?
Jam novus incipiet sæclorum evolvier ordo,
Et lætos cœlo ducet Pax aurea soles.
Prima ergo Zephyri spirant cum flumina; nautæ
Ultima securis decurrent æquora velis.
Anglica jam ludunt toto fluitantia cœlo
Carbasa: jam vasti classis regina profundi
Afferit imperium, littusque affectat Eöum;
Et visit primæ incunabula læta diei,
Ætherēosque ortus, Arabumque exhausta relinquit
Regna: vel Hesperii latebras et strata metalli
Rimatur, Thamesisque it multo turbidus auro.

Vos O magnanimi manes, et valle recepti
Elysiâ Heröes, quos pugnæ nobilis ardor
Perdidit heu! cæsis Gallorum millibus ante,
Non unquam obliti patriæ, gaudete triumphis,
Ut quondam, fociorum, et duret sanguine vestro
Parta quies, et longa sacrum per sæcula fœdus;
Grataque sub manes nostri vos fama triumphi
Soletur, raptæque hostili vertice laurus;
Inferiæ hæ vobis, et grata piacula funto.

J. Robinson Aul. Trin. Alumn.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

I.

COME hither, all ye fair and gay,
And with you Pleasure bring;
For Peace demands the grateful lay,
Who taught you first to sing.

II.

Already Cam's inspired throng
Have seiz'd the sounding lyre,
And Pelham's wisdom crowns the song,
And WILLIAM's heav'n-caught fire.

III.

Some strike the high-tun'd Epic string,
Some Pindar's louder strain;
And arms and men and GEORGE they sing,
And glorious Dettingen.

IV.

My humble Muse, untaught to raise
Her voice to strains like these,
Yet grateful sings in softer lays
The sweets of welcome Peace.

V.

Come ev'ry youth and every maid
To greet the heavenly guest;
Bacchus with ivy-crowned head
Prepare the jovial feast.

VI.

And come, thou God of soft desires,
And come, ye Graces fair;
Peace every heart with love inspires,
And drives out every care.

VII.

The tender mother weeps no more
Her son's unhappy fate;
Nor faithful widows now deplore
The kind and constant mate.

GRATULATIO.

VIII.

No more Rebellion's curs'd alarms
Disturb the social crew;
Before great WILLIAM's conqu'ring arms
The hell-born monster flew.

IX.

Then welcome Mirth and Jollity,
The sprightly Dance and Song;
Free Wit and loose-rob'd Revelry,
And Pleasure ever young.

X.

And let the chearful health go round,
To CÆSAR's sacred name;
'Till woods and hills and rocks resound
Immortal CÆSAR's fame.

XI.

Who bids this tide of blessings flow,
And every sorrow cease?
This tide of bliss to Peace we owe,
And CÆSAR gives us Peace.

Fr. Otway of Trinity Hall.

REJICE sanguineum, Clio, resonantia Martem
Stamina, vulneribus fœdata et cæde tepenti;
Frange lyram bello expertam bellicque tumultu:
Nunc leviores opus est; nunc munera Pacis et ipsa
Pax celebranda tibi. O utinam modò dicere velles
Carmina digna Deâ! certè Dea carmine digna est.
Jam læti agricolæ, quos latè sparserat horror
Vastantesque hostes, latebras atque antra relinquunt
(Quà vitam dudum misero terrore trahebant
Hostiles inter sonitus patriæque ruinas),
Inque suum properant rediviva colonia campum:

Quisque

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Quisque domum agnoscit violatam Marte, Lareſque
Sic etiam inventos ſolitâ pietate reviſit.
Jamque vocant agri: per caſtra impune colonus,
Quæ circum excubias egit mors, urget aratrum:
Et vallo intrepidus, turrique accedit inermis,
Quæ modo in adverſas non irrita fulmina turmas
Spargebat, ſubitâque premebat morte cohortes.
Læta venit Generique Ceres nigra atria linquit,
Quæ dederant ſtrepitus fugienti Martis aſylum.
Flaveſcit meſſis, modo quâ prætoria ſtabant;
Quâ modo cuſtodum horrebant hoſtilia, ariſtæ
Attollunt capita, atque aurato vertice nutant.
Foffæ etiam nuper per prælia multa ſepulcrum
Fortibus, effuſo madidæ calidæque cruore,
Pingue animant ſemen; mittuntque propaginem ad auras
Altam; non qualem quondam (ſi fida vetuſtas)
Terra parens peperit ſœcunda cruore Gigantûm,
Iratam ſuperis, et multæ cædis avaram.
Sed faveas linguâ; panduntur limina Pacis,
Atque Dea egreditur pulchro candore renidens:
Prodit Io! victrix, ducitque auguſta triumphum.
Nec deſunt comites plauſuſque et debita pompa
Reginæ: alma venit Cybele, quæ gaudet, olivam
Dante Deâ; exultant poſitâ feritate leones:
Libertas pileum ſignum lætabile dextrâ
Prætendens ſequitur: virgoque Aſtræa ſororem
Fixa tenet, junctiſque feruntur paſſibus ambæ.
Alta Deæ Pacis ſupra caput ægide virgo
Depoſitâ effulget Pallas, Artesque benignæ
Mandat Nutrici: complectitur illa receptas.
Pierides lætum lætæ comitantur honorem;
Dumque parant cantum divinaque carmina tentant,
Quæque Deæ effundit gens debita munera laudum.
Ite chori Dryadum ſacri, vos ite Napææ
Laureolas afferte Deæ; quâ dante, per alta
Errantes nemorum, ſecuræ ad plectra choreas

Ducitis,

GRATULATIO.

Ducitis, et circum non terrent amplius arma.
Vos quoque Nereides, quoniam vos munera ferre,
Gratia siqua movet, debetis, fundite gazas,
Oceanus quascunque tegit : requiescere vobis
Diva dat, et tutis virides ficare capillos ;
Nec subiti hostiles sonitus de rupe trementes
Præcipitesque adigent fugere atria patris ad ima.
Vos quoque, vos læti Divam celebrate Britanni ;
Quos non ambitio spretique injuria honoris
Impulit ad bellum, metuendaque gentibus arma :
Vos lacrymæ et gemitus grassantisque ira tyranni,
Vos miseri socii (justissima causa) movebant :
Eventusque fuit qualis justa arma decebat.
Attamen et vobis non Mars sine cæde, virique
Fœdârunt multi perfusum sanguine campum :
O animi heroes, quorum, nisi corpora tellus
Nil mortale tegit, meliori vivere parte
Digni, qui pulchris pulchrè cecidistis in armis ;
Sanguine qui patriæ regnum vitamque dedistis !

Jacobus Rowe Coll. Trin. Alumn.

WHAT time Contention with wide-wasting hand
Gave Death to riot o'er the bleeding land ;
From the world's view her steps sad Commerce bore,
To muse along the billow-beaten shore.
There, while seas swell, and tempests idly rage,
Of happier days she form'd the glad presage ;
Nor form'd in vain : once more her wish aspires
To future rule, as War's stern train retires ;
By pleasing hopes of lasting concord wrought,
Scenes of unbounded empire stretch her thought.
With transport-darting looks she eyes the main,
And thus revolves the glories of her reign.

R

Yes;

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Yes; it is come: the period now appears,
For which I've labour'd such a length of years;
Since first, by bold Phœnicia taught, the ship
With bellying canvass bounded o'er the deep.
What seas, what regions have I wander'd o'er,
A vagrant exile, tofs'd from shore to shore?
Strange! since thro' me, whatever clime I grace,
Plenty's full measure flows on human race.
What tho' I teach the snow-encrusted plain
To blush with eastern fruits, or wave with grain;
Or bid wide Earth her hidden hoards unfold,
Rocks give their gems, and mountains teem with gold:
In vain protection have I dar'd to claim,
Driv'n from the walls, my bounty rais'd to fame.
Ill-fated climes, in sloth, in slav'ry lost!
What now remains of all ye once cou'd boast;
Your crouded ports; the scenes, my influence yields;
Oil-dropping woods, and corn-rejoicing fields?
Who now the tyrant Ocean shall command,
When tides tumultuous roll o'er half the land;
Or, where on heaps aspiring waves ascend,
Teach o'er the flood the pile-prop'd arch to bend?

O Latium! once illustrious! once ador'd
By prostrate kings! of conquer'd earth the lord!
See Vanity with Folly's motley train
Throng your towns, temples; trill the languid strain;
Lead the loose dance; or court officious gales
To fill for her your odour-breathing fails.

Did I for this bid Tyber's flood receive
What waves could roll, winds waft, or countries give?

More happy Britain! round whose chalky fides
Obedient seas pour tributary tides.

Whatever earth's embosom'd stores contain,
From the chill regions of the northern main,
To where Golconda or Peru resigns

Gem-glitt'ring rocks, and treasure-swelling mines;

Croud

GRATULATION.

Croud to thy coasts: I see the times draw near,
When Liberty a lasting throne shall rear.
Then shall your sons with Attic spirit bend
The wid'ning arch; the pillar'd roof extend;
Tell on the polish'd ore what kings once shone;
Or from the canvass, or the featur'd stone,
Bid life leap forth; while, inspiration caught,
All nature opens to the poet's thought.
Yet more; my pow'rs' full influence shall be found,
Where other oceans other shores surround.
See cities, temples rise, where rocks or sands
Stretch o'er wild wastes, and half unpeople lands!
The fell Barbarian, led by me, shall find
More gentle virtues break upon his mind;
And peaceful learn, his wood-entangled den
And comrade beasts forgot, to live with men.
O! come the days, when, partial ties unknown,
Mankind's mix'd interests shall unite in one;
When kingdoms, by the law of love ally'd,
No wars shall tear, fears vex, nor feuds divide.
Till in the world's wide regions rage no more
Moon-struck Ambition, blood-polluted Pow'r,
All-grasping Av'rice, Rapine, civil Hate;
But one great Union stretch o'er ev'ry state:
In each one general Faith, one Law be found,
And Virtue bid all social bliss abound.

Thomas Nevile B. A. Fellow of Jesus College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

CELSISSIMO PRINCIPI

GULIELMO AUGUSTO

CUMBRIÆ DUCI.

Q UALEM parentem luminis aureum,
Quem noctis umbrâ jam nimiùm diu
Involvit horrendâ procella
Fulmineum meditans furorem,
Latè tumentî prenfus in Adriâ
Mercator, atris æthere nubilîs
Tandem remotis, intuetur
Splendidiùs radiis micantem :
Qualemve vultum veris odoribus
Perfusi, inertis post fera frigora
Brumæ, recurrentem colonus
Flore novo nitidus salutat :
Salutat almam te ter et amplius
O! Pax benigno numine splendida!
Lætos Britannus dulcè ducens
Carminè pierio triumphos.
Fallor? superbum an prospicio Ducem,
Multò decorum pulvere Gallico,
Per tela, per cædes et ignem
Incolumem patriæ reversum?
Agnosco pugnâ terribilem ægida,
Vultum et paterno sanguine fervidum.
Salve WILHELME, ô digna salve
Egregii soboles GEORGI!
Heroi in umbram furgit amabilem
Oliva florens, cui sua brachia
Frondefque conjungit rigata
Sanguineo fatîs imbre laurus.

Non

GRATULATIO.

Non jam minaci murmure clasticum
Contundit aures; non Furor improbus
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Imperiis agitat dolendis.
Non jam fugaces territat horridus
Clangor tubarum; non pueris pater
Pallet peremptis; definitque
Vota metu duplicare virgo.
Per te juvenis rura perambulat
Tutus, renidet candida Faustitas,
Camposque flavescentes profusis
Frugibus alma Ceres coronat.
Nunc et quietus patria farculo
Gaudet colonus findere jugera;
Dum nauta pacatum per æquor
Auspiciis vehitur secundis.
Majora cerno! te duce, jam redit
Festiva cornu Copia divite,
Et Splendor, et Nomen, Pudorque, et
Non sine dīs animosa Virtus.
O! si mereri quid mea carmina
Possint! perenni laude recentior
(Dum sacra, Neptuno secundus,
Jura dabit pelago Britannus
Latè triumphans) tempus in ultimum
WILHELME cresces; palmaque nobilis,
Pro quā pacisci vitam avebas,
Fronde tibi viridi vigebit.

J. Parkhurst A. B. Aul. Clar.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

ΧΑΙΡΕ Αναξ, μετ' ἄελθα, μετ' ἄλγεα πικρὰ θαλάσσης,
 Ἀσπασίως τεὸν ὄμμα πρῶσιδομῶν ὅς' ἐπ' ἀνῆκων
 Εἰρήνῳ τε δίδοις σῇ πατρίδι παυσωλήν τε.
 Δὴν ἄρα κέκμηκεν μόθῳ αἰμαλέονι ἅπασα
 Εὐρώπη, μεγάλας τε πόλεις τειχεσιπλήτας
 Ἄρης ἐξαλάπαξε μάχῃ, χήρωσε δ' ἀγυάς.
 Δὴν ἄρα φάσγανον ὅξυ φόνος ἢ δηϊότητος
 Ἐμπλησαι μάλα τειρόμενον, νέκυσιν τε Ποσειδῶν
 Στεινόμενόν βρέμεν, μεθύει δὲ δι' αἵματι Αἴα
 Ἄορι φεινομένων, ὑπὸ δ' ἐχθρῶν χερσὶ δαμέντων.
 Νῦν δὲ ἄλλος κέχυθ' αἷμα μετ' ἔθνεσι δυσμυρέεσσιν
 Εἰρήνῳ, φιλόπῃ, πόνοισιν τε τίθησι
 ΚΑΪΣΑΡ, ὅς ἀνθρώπων ταμίης πολέμοιο τέτυκτο.
 Οἰμῶξ δὲ δεθείς Ἄρης περὶ δέει δεσμῶ
 Καὶ μένον ἠπεδανόν, ἐν ῥώμῃ ἐκέτ' ἔδσαν,
 Δεινὸς δ' ἐν συγγεργίῳ δόμοις Αἰδαο σενάξ.
 Οὐ γάρ τις δῆϊον, πολυκήτεα πόνητον ἐπεμβάς,
 Πεζὸς ἐν ἡμετέροισι βοᾶν φθισήνορα κόμαις
 Ἰσησὶ λαοὶ περὶ δ' ἔργα σαλῶσιν ἔκκλητοι,
 ΚΑΪΣΑΡ ἀοσσητῆρι πεποιθότες ὅς τε πάρεσται
 Ἀλγεσιν ἐν πάντεσσιν αἰεὶ Βρεττανίδι γαίᾳ.
 Αὖθις χαῖρε, Πατέρες, λαοῖς τοῖς δῶτορ' ἐάων,
 Δῶτορ ἀπημονίης· τέα δ' ἔργματα πᾶς τις αἰείσῃ,
 Ὅς γένεθ' ὅς κ' ἔσται πάντες τεὸν ὑμνήσοντες,
 Πάντες ὅσοι καλὰ ἔργα λέγειν ἴσασιν αἰετοὶ,
 Οὐνομα ἢ δόξην· σὺ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.

J. Prior Coll. Regal. Alumn.

GRATULATIO.

HAIL Britain! favour'd isle! to whom 'tis giv'n
To be the nurse of heroes, lov'd of heav'n!
Now when the bus'ness of the war is o'er,
While rage retires and slaughter is no more;
I dare to court the Muse and tune the quill
(Tho' weak my judgment, uncorrect my skill :)
While potent realms in smiling Peace agree,
Of smiling Peace I sing, and sing to thee.

Oh were I equal to the great design,
Were tow'ring thought and just expression mine;
Had I the pow'r of eloquence to charm,
And ev'ry breast with gen'rous joy to warm;
Or did such verse adorn my flowing tongue,
As Phœbus dictated when Prior sung:
Then wou'd the joyful Muse her tribute bring,
Strain ev'ry note and strike a louder string,
To paint in brightest colours WILLIAM's deeds,
And tell with pleasure how Rebellion bleeds;
Then shou'd she mark him in the thickest host
'Midst hostile crouds of warring thousands lost;
With eager courage where the hero flew,
With eager pleasure shou'd the Muse pursue,
Trace ev'ry step, attend him as he goes,
Fly where he flies, and mix among the foes. —
But here the humble Maid restrains my lays,
Conscious how much too low her greatest praise:
Thy fame, great Hero, stops the fearful Muse,
Who leaves that height a meaner theme to chuse;
Hopeless to soar to that sublime degree,
That suits a song of Victory and Thee.
Thus the great task unwilling I resign;
War be the theme of others, Peace be mine.

Behold th' auspicious Goddess gain the land,
Attendant Plenty waiting at her hand:
See joyful thousands greet the lovely pair,
Loose ev'ry joy and banish ev'ry care;

While

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

While as they march along the flow'ry ground
All things look gay and nature smiles around.
Trade, late dejected, puts on smiles again,
Plies ev'ry street and occupies the main,
Eager his gainful bus'ness to renew :
The distant Indies rise before his view ;
In thought already he beholds the mine,
Sees glowing rubies blush and diamonds shine.

The cheerful lab'rer turns the teeming soil,
And safe pursues the well-rewarded toil ;
Ploughs o'er the fields where threat'ning armies stood,
Those fields, enrich'd, and long manur'd with blood :
Where-e'er he walks, the hateful sight appears
Of broken faulchions and unpointed spears ;
Quick horror, while he views the fatal plain,
Pervades his heart and thrills thro' ev'ry vein :
Yet pleas'd he now no more expects to hear
The trumpet's sound, nor dreads the flying spear.

The Muse, who loves thro' ev'ry silent grove,
Smit with the charms of sacred song, to rove,
May wander peaceful from the morning dawn
Thro' the fair forest or the lovely lawn ;
Form'd ev'ry ear and ev'ry heart to please,
May raise her notes to sing, and sing of Peace,
Or paint the War, and tune the lay to tell,
How great the conquest when Rebellion fell.

But see, returning from less happy lands,
All red with honest wounds, the warlike bands :
With shouts they gain their native land once more ;
Hark ! the glad peal resounds from shore to shore !
See the brave warrior shew each noble scar,
Relate each battle, and describe the war ;
Tell list'ning crouds how ev'ry plan was wrought,
How Gardner bravely fell, or WILLIAM fought.

Yet midst this universal scene of joy
Some pious sorrows must our thoughts employ ;

For

G R A T U L A T I O.

For all, ye Britons, let your grief extend,
 Nor singly mourn a father or a friend.
 Just to the mem'ry of the brave appear,
 Permit the sigh, nor stop the gushing tear:
 The tear, unforc'd, true sign of gen'rous woe,
 That flows for thee (and must for ever flow)
 Thee, Gardner, "with the love of virtue fir'd,
 "That greatly in thy country's cause expir'd;"
 No less the virtuous than the brave agree
 To mourn incessant, while they mourn for thee.

Religion now no more looks faintly pale;
 Justice returns and lifts aloft her scale;
 Approaching Virtue ev'ry vice expels,
 Regains her seat and here securely dwells;
 Unspotted Faith and Probity divine
 Visit the fane and long deserted shrine.

All hail the lovely change! hail smiling Peace!
 By thee the white-rob'd Virtues gain increase!
 O may thy charms inspire each British breast,
 And make us virtuous, as they make us blest!

Phil. Parsons of Sidney Sussex College.

EUROPÆ attonitus respexit vulnera Mavors
 Multa gemens, ludique Deo doluere cruenti:
 Jampridem, exclamat, cœlo sese Anglica tollit
 Gloria; quid potuit virtus terræque marique,
 Spectatum satis: — Odryfio procul impius orbi
 Tranferat arma furor, lunisque incumbat Eois.

Tuque, O care Deo, Britonum, quo fospite, soles
 Instaurant radios, et iniqua absolvimus astra:
 Quanquam magna animo volentem fata tuorum
 Stringat amor patriæ, flammisque accendat honestis;
 Parce pio, sic fata jubent, GULIELME, furori,
 Projice tela manu. —

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Aspice, ut æquorei regina Britannia sceptri
Læta triumphatis nitidum caput exerit undis:
Qualis ubi amotis olim Venus aurea nimbis
Exoritur spumante salo, fremit humida circum
Gens pelagi, intereà glauco Dea gaudet amictu,
Et læta in speculo sese admiratur aquoso.
Grande quidem dederas pignus, Neptune, favoris,
Cum ventis cœloque impune, Ansonus, iniquis
Carbaseas circum tua regna extenderet alas:
Ergo hyemes toto effundat pater Æolus antro,
Sensit Iber mediis thesauro exutus in undis
Non pelagi imperium sibi, nec tentare carinis
Sorte datum; — Britonum genus insuperabile bello
Jampridem liquido norunt dominarier orbi:
Aspice ut Indorum spoliis Ansonus opimis
Ingreditur, gremioque pater Thamefinus in alto
Gratatur reducem, et pleno se proluit auro;
Jamque Tagum socios credens sibi jungere fluctus,
Volvit in oceanum lætas opulentior undas:
Fortunate Heros, cui serviit Aufer eunti,
Qualis Jasioniam vexit super æquora pubem
Colchidis in gremium! cui Jupiter obtulit imbres,
Qualis ubi ad Danaen Deus aureus ibat amator!
Nec tantum oceano victor dominaris Eoo;
Sed quid Marte potes, fractæ prope littora vires
Gallorum, captique duces, atque arma fatentur —
Quin pacem componere ament, et fœdera jungant.

At vos intereà patriæ dum fata finebant
Illustres Heroum animæ, quorum ossibus agri
Flandriaci albescunt, fundo aut volvuntur in alto
Corpora, nunc demum capiant solatia manes,
Exultentque umbræ; quanquam superesse triumphis
Fata vetent, saltem hos lacrymantem aspergere flores
Funereamque finant lauro immiscere cupressum.

Fallor? an aspiciens patriæ spectacula pompæ
Lætior æquoreo frueris, Cornwelle, sepulchro?
Torva tuens levat umbra caput; fluit, aspice, tabo,

Osten-

GRATULATIO.

Ostenditque manu generosum in pectore vulnus :
Qualis erat, cum signa ratum socialia Gallo
Junxit Iber; pater ipse suis Neptunus in undis,
Et Taurentini tremuerunt pondere fluctus :
Qualis erat, cum jam Patriæ trepidantis imago
Frustrà indignanti similis, similisque dolenti
Imploraret opem, et pectus percussâ decorum
Visa queri : —

At neque te gemuisse putem cum vulnere demum
Contigit oppetere, et tumidis immergier undis,
Fœlix morte tuâ ; quanquam, fortissime, credo
Mavortem doluisse diu, gentisque Britannûm
Indigetas fleuisse deos ; heu Patria discat
Fortunam ex aliis, — ex Te virtutis amorem.

Non tali auspicio Britonum Mavortia pubes
Implevit terrore tuos, Germania, campos,
Quà Dettingeniæ pinguescunt sanguine aristæ ;
Hic erit, ut nostri recolens monumenta triumphî
Forte aliquis memoret magnum longo ordine bellum :
Hic stabant vexilla, hic pallida lilia primum
Borbonii fixere duces, hic signa Britannûm
Sanguinolenta super rubuerunt cæde Leones :
Illic Memnoniis ibat circumdata telis
Nigra cohors juvenum, quà pulchrior altera Gallo
Nec fuit, aut unquam cecidit majoribus ausis ;
Quippe ubi jam medio Bellona in turbine visa est.
Obscurare diem, dubio sese ardua Marti
Intulit arma tenens, ipsoque in REGE morata est ;
O furor ! O demens ! sibi quæ promitteret omnes
Excessisse Deos qui sceptrâ Britannica servant !
Non tulit hoc Pater omnipotens, cui fulmine vindex
Dextra Giganteum cœlo detruferat agmen :
Dumque ipse effusâ sacrum caput occulit umbrâ,
In medios moritura phalanx se immiserat hostes ;
Heu miseranda manus, vitreâ vos Rhenus in undâ
Vos Rhodani gemuere lacus, vos Gallia fleuit
Mœsta diu, — jam vos etiam miserabitur hostis.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Parte alià primis gaudens GULIELMUS in armis
Acrior egit equum, quàm plumbeus ingruit imber,
Impavidus, magnique colens exempla Parentis :
Quem simul ac nimiam fervere cæde videret
Tum primum audacis Pallas sub imagine Galli
Quadrupedem subito turbavit cuspidis ictu,
Et juveni infixit tenero sub poplite vulnus;
Mox tamen indoluit magni Dea conscia facti,
Ipseque Pæonias infundens leniter herbas
Restituit, lætumque opera ad majora remisit :
Hic vir, hic est, fati æternus quem jusserrat ordo
Anglicos stabilire lares, cum bellica cælo
Orta Caledonio nostrum faviret in oram
Tempestas, Lodoixque darent et perfida vires
Roma suas; — at non vestræ prudentibus Annæ
Auspiciis olim Anglico Scotia addita regno
Hæc promissa dabas, non hoc communibus aris
Fas et jura finunt: gens O fortissima bello,
Si te nulla movent socialis fœdera sceptri,
Respice nudatos miseris cultoribus agros,
Truncatosque duces, et adhuc rorantia tabo
Vulnera; nec satis est fidum effudisse cruorem
Flandriaci super arva soli? — Quo devia fertur
Pieris, Icarios audax tentare volatus?
Non bene per campos temeraria Cullodenos,
Tela per et flammæ, humili se sustinet alâ :
Aspice ut armorum fulgoribus Anglica Pallas
Terret equos equitumque acies; trepida agmina cerno
Sanguineosque duces, mediâque in cæde WILHELMUM: —
Sed quid ego aggredior calamo importunus agresti
Ulterius violare tuos, GULIELME, triumphos?
Fœlix si dulcis deserta per avia Pindi
Laurea dona legam; si ramum innectat olivæ
Inter Pierias ingloria Musa sorores.

C. Anstey Coll. Regal. Socius.

GRATULATIO.

הרעו כל לאמים
ועבדו את יהוה
כל חי שפתי רננות
לו יזבח זבחי תודה

כי הוא משבית מלחמות
עד גבולי אדמתו
ומביא רב ברכות
ער כל מלאכת ידו

שוא ירדו מטרות
ותתן יבול ארץ
כשדפון וחסיל
מלחמה פרי קרץ

שוא שמש נגה יומם
ובלילות לבנה
לולא שלום חשכה
על פני האדמה

יקר שלום מכסף
משהם ומזהב
הארץ מלא דשן
מלחמה ריש ורעב

הללו יה כבה מדון
ביבשה ומים
תבל עתה גן עדן
ושלום עץ החיים

Rob. Hankinson M. A. Fellow of Christ's College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ad R E G E M.

DII maris et terræ palmas dant undique, CÆSAR,
Et tibi cum Mœno militat Oceanus.
Imperiis gentes gravidæ, belloque superbæ
Insigne armorum testificantur opus:
Nunc pugnis lassata diù requiescit, et omnis
Europa auspiciis exuit arma tuis.
Salve, magne Pater! quo te sub nomine dicam?
Indicat Heroem Laurus, Oliva — DEUM.

Tho. Gunter Browne A. B. Coll. Regal. Socius.

I.

JANUS, shut thy brazen gate:
Thy jarring hinge no more shall grate
Harsh war and slaughter fierce;
The canon now shall cease to roar,
The spirit-stirring drum no more,
Nor fife, our ears shall pierce.

II.

Ruthless Pow'r, who tak'st delight
In death and woe and murd'rous fight,
Leave, leave the bloody field:
Nor think to please thy savage heart,
To wield the sword, or aim the dart,
And shake the clatt'ring shield.

III.

Away; and bid thy charioteer
Bellona drive thy madding car
Far off from Britain's land;
Thy black attendants Dread and Flight
No more shall scatter ghastly fright
Through ev'ry adverse band:

But

GRATULATION.

IV.

But Peace again with gentle smile
Haste to our long-forsaken isle
To free us from alarms;
And teach the Seasons, as they fly,
To spread soft Quiet, Ease, and Joy,
Secure of future harms.

V.

Lo! in yon golden cloud I see
The Goddess coming fair and free
In majesty serene;
Her hand a branch of olive bears,
While down the azure skies she steers
With heavenly-looking mien.

VI.

Hail! sister of Astræa fair,
Who, 'mid' the din of arms and war,
From earth affrighted fled;
And now that lawless might is o'er,
Bring her again with Thee, once more
To raise her hallow'd head.

VII.

And now in robes of purest white
Shine forth Religion, heav'nly-bright,
In freedom just and true;
Not frightened now by sad alarms,
And pop'ry back'd with Gallic arms,
Or rebels horrid crew.

VIII.

The peaceful husbandman shall know
No iron but the useful plow,
To till the fertile land;
No more the trumpet's voice shall hear,
Nor warlike clarion; sound of fear!
Nor dread th' invader's hand.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ad REGEM.

DII maris et terræ palmas dant undique, CÆSAR,
Et tibi cum Mæno militat Oceanus.
Imperiis gentes gravidæ, belloque superbæ
Insigne armorum testificantur opus:
Nunc pugnis lassata diù requiescit, et omnis
Europa auspiciis exuit arma tuis.
Salve, magne Pater! quo te sub nomine dicam?
Indicat Heroem Laurus, Oliva — DEUM.

Tho. Gunter Browne A. B. Coll. Regal. Socius.

I.

JANUS, shut thy brazen gate:
Thy jarring hinge no more shall grate
Harsh war and slaughter fierce;
The canon now shall cease to roar,
The spirit-stirring drum no more,
Nor fife, our ears shall pierce.

II.

Ruthless Pow'r, who tak'st delight
In death and woe and murd'rous fight,
Leave, leave the bloody field:
Nor think to please thy savage heart,
To wield the sword, or aim the dart,
And shake the clatt'ring shield.

III.

Away; and bid thy charioteer
Bellona drive thy madding car
Far off from Britain's land;
Thy black attendants Dread and Flight
No more shall scatter ghastly fright
Through ev'ry adverse band:

But

GRATULATION.

IV.

But Peace again with gentle smile
Haste to our long-forsaken isle
To free us from alarms;
And teach the Seasons, as they fly,
To spread soft Quiet, Ease, and Joy,
Secure of future harms.

V.

Lo! in yon golden cloud I see
The Goddess coming fair and free
In majesty serene;
Her hand a branch of olive bears,
While down the azure skies she steers
With heavenly-looking mien.

VI.

Hail! sister of Astræa fair,
Who, 'mid' the din of arms and war,
From earth affrighted fled;
And now that lawless might is o'er,
Bring her again with Thee, once more
To raise her hallow'd head.

VII.

And now in robes of purest white
Shine forth Religion, heav'nly-bright,
In freedom just and true;
Not frightened now by sad alarms,
And pop'ry back'd with Gallic arms,
Or rebels horrid crew.

VIII.

The peaceful husbandman shall know
No iron but the useful plow,
To till the fertile land;
No more the trumpet's voice shall hear,
Nor warlike clarion; sound of fear!
Nor dread th'invader's hand.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

IX.

Ye too, ye fwains, from danger free'd,
On jolly pipe or oaten reed
Salute the happy morn.
The shepherdes shall now no more
Her lover snatch'd to hostile shore
In piteous ditty mourn.

X.

Let bleating flocks your cares employ,
And Plenty crown your peaceful joy,
From full and lib'ral horn:
The fruitful stream shall softly sound,
The vallies spread their sweets around,
And smile with wavy corn.

XI.

But while, O Muse, these joys you sing,
Forget not him from whom they spring,
Great GEORGE's deathless fame;
Hail! Guardian of the British weal,
That quell'd the rage of discord fell,
And war's impetuous flame.

XII.

Thrice welcome to thy Albion's shore,
That did thy ready help implore,
O'erwhelm'd in gloomy night:
With thy return the rising day,
Drives fullen darkness far away,
And shines with chearful light.

XIII.

Ye rolling waves, rejoice, and sleep
In silence on the calmed deep,
And still your rage a-while;
As when, to rouse the drooping war,
Your Monarch drove his lofty car
From Ægæ's honour'd isle.

With

GRATULATIO.

XIV.

With homage low ye cleft in twain,
While swift he flew to Ilion's plain,
To scatter death around;
Our greater King delights to spare,
To sheath the sword, lay down the spear,
And heal the bleeding wound.

XV.

No more, to deepest caverns fled,
The trembling Nereids shall dread
The bursting cannon's ire;
As tho' another Phaëthon
Had madly drove the scorching sun,
And clad the world in fire.

XVI.

Then with such joyful tidings blest'd
Burn ev'ry happy Briton's breast,
And one glad shout arise;
The pleasing music shall rebound
From ev'ry cliff and vale around,
And rend the vaulted skies.

XVII.

To Thee, the Father of all good,
That hast in heav'n thy high abode,
We offer willing praise:
Praise, the least tribute that we owe
To Thee, from whom all blessings flow,
To Thee the God of Peace.

F. Maseres of Clare-Hall.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ad P A C E M.

O Diva centum fertilis artium!
Tu civitatem tollere de gradu
Præfens vel imo, vel tenebras
Discutere imperio imminentes!
Te thure multo sollicitant duces
Virtute functi, te dominam imperi
Rerumque custodem laceffunt
Purpurei precibus tyranni!
Injurioso ne Furor impius
Stantem columnam proruat impetu,
Semenque dispergat malorum,
Et miseras inimicet urbes:
Te semper anteit dura Necessitas,
Furorque civilis rabiem manu
Gestans ahenâ; nec recenti
Sanguine tinctus abest Gradivus.
Te Copia, et Spes, almaque Fauſtitas,
Artesque ſtipant; nec comitem abnegat
Minerva, ſplendentes olivâ
Pacificâ religata crines.
Diu catenis nexum adamantinis
Patrem bifrontem, Diva, coerceas;
Nec clamor armorum, furorque
Indigena exſtimulet WILHELMUM:
Quid tu WINHELMIS Anglia debeas,
Namurra quondam teſtis; et impetus
Non auſpicati, et catervæ
Conſiliis juvenis reſpreſſæ.
Senſere nuper, Marte quid indoles
Matura, fauſtis ſub penetralibus
Nutrita, poſſit; quidve GEORGI
In puerum generoſa virtus.
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Externa nec vis, (Numine dum tuo
GEORGI, WILHELMUS militabit)
Eximet imperii quietem.

Tho. Sclater Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

GRATULATIO.

I.

THE Muse essays her tender wing,
Unus'd to soar, unskill'd to sing:
Britons, attend with rising hopes possess'd,
While peaceful prospects dawn in ev'ry breast;
Ye sons of Phœbus strike the lyre,
Let the glad theme
Your souls inflame,
And catch from breast to breast poetic fire;

II.

In boundless raptures dare to swell,
And on the pleasing subject dwell.
Hail sacred Freedom! which the Gods bestow
To season blessings and to soften woe;
With thee our martial youth inspir'd
Sought from afar
The dreadful war,
And crouds on crouds triumphantly expir'd:

III.

Again with fresh-born vigour smile,
And bless thy fav'rite happy isle.
'Tis done — Britannia (freed from dire alarms,
The din of conquest and the noise of arms)
Thy patriot sons shall bleed no more;
To them 'tis giv'n
(Indulgent Heav'n)
To reap the blessings of their native shore.

IV.

Let ev'ry Briton hence employ
The genial hours in manly joy;
Adieu for ever to the martial strife;
Enjoy the sweet prerogative of life:
For balmy peace, with lib'ral hand,
From ev'ry shore
Collects her store,
And spreads diffusive blessings o'er the land.

And

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

V.

And, whilst the growing years impart
Fresh joys to ev'ry grateful heart,
Britannia rise in all thy gallant pride:
See thy tall ships triumphant stem the tide;
And, as they cut the wat'ry way,
From pole to pole
Their thunders roll,
And all the naval world due homage pay.

VI.

Wou'd some kind god my breast inspire
With Milton's rage, or Pindar's fire;
In bolder strains my humble muse should rise,
And lift my country to her native skies:
Her praise thro' ages I'd prolong;
While silver Thames
Shall roll his streams,
Example great! and theme of endless song.

VII.

Fair freedom's golden reign I'd praise,
And twine the olive with the bays:
Great CÆSAR's deeds should in my numbers shine,
Swell ev'ry page and glow in ev'ry line;
In full proportion could my lay
But boldly trace,
Each royal grace,
Cato might yield, and Brutus' self obey.

VIII.

But stop, my Muse, nor dare to soar
In heights thou never trod'st before:
Enough—great Janus turn thy younger face,
View the long records of the Brunswick race;
See future heroes spring to light;
Say, happy Isle!
What Pleasures smile,
What rising glories croud upon the sight!

Thus

GRATULATIO.

IX.

Thus, when Æneas view'd his race,
And saw the bright succession pass,
With rapture he enjoy'd the glorious scene;
Exulting mark'd the forms of godlike men:
What thoughts within his fancy roll!
Triumphs to come,
Immortal Rome,
And all her glories kindle in his soul.

Henry Zouch B. A. of Trinity College.

ASPICE, uti coëant animis, et fœdera jungant
Europæ latè gentes; totumque per orbem
Defuetæ redeant Musarum et Palladis artes:
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia fœc'lo.
Nunc Astræa refert gressus, secumque reducit
Virtutum varias facies: nunc et tibi, Phœbe,
Dignus honos; cantus atque otia miles amabit,
Et Cereris messëm incurvo metet ense colonus.
Protinus ingentes Isis jactabit alumnos,
Nec non Granta suos: nocturno exsomnia olivo
Invigilans Musæ juvenis pallebit amore;
Ceui Thamyris quondam, Phœboque æquandus Homerus.
Ergo iterum salve, Pax aurea; fera per æva
Manfuramque domum, sedemque hic fige perennem,
Pieridum comitata choro. Furor impius acres
Non Gallos agat in Batavos, non territet urbes
Obsidione gravi; perve Alpes vadat apertas,
Italiamque premat bello: sed carcere cæco,
Et tenebris clausus, nequicquam vincula contrà
Obtorto frendens luctetur ahenea collo.

Joannes Wickliffe A. B. Coll. Trin.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

NΥΝ, ὅτ' Ἀρης, χαλεπῆς πρὶς ἐὼν ἀκόρεσθ' αὐτῆς,
 Παῦσε μένθ', δεινὸν δὲ χανῶν σόμα λυγρὸν ἔβυσσε,
 Νῦν ὅτε σίγησαν σάλπιγες χαλκεόφωνοι,
 Κ' ἔποτ' ἐπὶ πολέμοιο κεραυνοῖσι κλυπεῖ αἰθήρ.
 Ἀρχέει, Πιερίδες Μῆσαι, Φορμύγξι λιγείης,
 Ἀρχέει χρυσέησιν γλυκερῆς χορδῆσιν αἰοιδῆς.
 Ὅσον γὰρ πολέμοιο βοήν, ὅμαδον τ' Ἀνθρώπων
 Ὀλiviώτων τε, ἢ ὀλυμένων ἐχθαίρειε τόσον
 Φορμύγων ψιθύρισμα, ἔσ' αἰθαῖαι θαλίαίη,
 Καὶ χορῶν ἡμερέεντες, ὦ Εἰρήνῳ βαθύπλευρον
 Εὐφροίνειν φιλέεσι, μέγ' ὕμνῳ χάσμα πέλονται.
 Οὐδὲ μὲν Ἡρώεσσιν, φιλοπολέμοις πρὶς ἔσθιν
 Εἰρήνην ἀχάριεσθ' ἐπέρχεσθ'· ἀλλὰ ἢ αὐτοῖς,
 Τραύμασι τειρόμενοι ἔσ' οἰζυροῖσι πόνοισιν,
 Ἡσυχίαν ποθέουσιν ἄγειν καμάτων τ' ἀνάπαυμα,
 Εἰρήνῳ τε σέβουσι θεῶν πολλὸν δαΐσιον,
 Ἡ τέλθ' Εὐρώπῳ ἐλεαίροις αἵματι δειλῶν
 Φωτῶν δουρομένῳ, πολυδειράδθ' ἐλύμποιο
 Ἀθανάσιον λίπε δῶμ', ἐπὶ δ' ἦπα φάρμακα πάσας
 Αὐτῆσι πλεγήσι, βροτῶν δ' ἀνέπαυσε γόοιο.
 Τῷ νῦν μὴ κόρος ἔστω ἐν ἀνθρώποισι γελῶντων
 Τέρψει ὀφθαλμῶν, ἔσ' ἀγαλλομένων κραδιάων,
 Μολπῆς τε γλυκερῆς, καὶ ἀμύμονθ' ὀρχηθμοῖο.
 Γηθοσιῶν δὲ θάλασσα μέγ' ἰάχοι, αὐτὰρ ἐν ὑγροῖς
 Βένθεσιν ἐζόμενθ' πολιῆς αἰλὸς Ἐννοσίγαιθ'
 Κύματα κοιμηθέντα φίλῃ σορέσειε γαλήνῃ.
 Καὶ δὴ, ἐνὶ πολέμοιο βοῇ μέγα κῦδθ' ὀπάσας
 Πλευτόν τ' ἀφθονὸν ἄμμι, Ποσειδάων Ἐννοσίχθων
 Νῦν τέρεπν' ἐμπορίας, ἥτ' ἂν πολὺν ὄλεον ἀέξοι,
 Δῶρα δίδω· νήεσσι δ' ἀλιπλοχεῖσι Βρετάννων
 Ὠρεῖα πάντα γρύοιτο, ἔσ' ὀπλοὺν ὄρμον ἱκοινο.
 Γηθοσύνης δὲ μελαξὺ, καὶ ἱερῶν εἰλαπινάων,

G R A T U L A T I O .

Παντοῖον κρατερῆς κλέος Ἡρώεσσιν ὀπηδοῖ·
 Οὓς τε φίλης χεῖρεσσιν ἀμυνομένοις πατρὸς πάτρης
 Μόρσιμον ἤρπασεν ἡμάρ, ἧς δὲ αἰὼν' ἀμείβεσε,
 ὧν δὲ δ' ἐνὶ ποταμάχοισι βοῆς ἀτλήα παθόντων
 ὧμός ἀφείχετ' Ἀρης, ἔφείσατο Μοῖρα κραταίη.
 Οὔτοι κῦδος ἔχοιεν ὅδ' ἐξοχὸν δῖχος ἀργίῳ,
 Ὃς, μαλακὰ περλιπὼν βασιλείης δῶρ', ἀμελήσας
 Γήρως, ἀρρήκίος τε κυλινδομένοις ἐτέεσσιν,
 Ζυγὸς Ἐνυαλίῃς κρατερῆς φρεσὶν ἀντιβόλησε,
 Ἡγήτωρ πολίος περ ἐὼν, ποταμῶν δ' ἐρέεθρα
 Παφλάζοντα καλεῖχεν ἀποφθιμένων νεκύεσσιν
 Ἐχθρῶν, ἧδ' ὅπλοισιν, τὰ περ μάλα νειόδι λίμνης
 Κάταιψ' ἰλὺς κεκαλυμμένα, καὶ καλέαζε
 Ἐν φρεσὶ δεινὸν λῆμα ὑπερφιάλῃ βασιλῆος.
 Ἄλλ' εἰ μὴ, θεῖοιο Πατρὸς κλέος ὑμνήσαντες,
 Ὑμῶς μένεός τ', ἀλκῆς τε λαθώμεθα· μένος
 Ὃς πατρίδ' ἐξεσάωσεν, ἐκὰς ὅπου· ἐκ Βορέας
 Πλήθος ἐπερχόμενον χλωρὸν δέος ἔμβαλε παῶσιν,
 Οὐδ' ἐκὶ ἰφθίμοισιν φρενῶν βίη ἔμπεδος ἦεν.
 Τὸ κλέος ἔπου' ὀλεῖται, αἰὲν δὲ οἱ Πάλλας Ἀθήνη,
 Νίκῃ ἀθανάτης χεῖρεσσιν καὶ δῖχος ἔχουσα,
 Πρόφρων ἐσείτῃσι Πρωτόκοπος, ὡς οἱ ὀμαρτῇ,
 Εἰν ἀλὶ καὶ γαίῃ, κῦδος μέγα τοῖς γ' ἀρίστοις,
 Εἰν ἀλὶ καὶ γαίῃ, καλὰ θήκατο μυρία Δαίμων.

Septimius Plumptre A.M. Coll. Regal. Socius.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

LONG had fell Discord's bloody flag unfurl'd
Appal'd each nation of the trembling world :
In dreadful silence now the deep'ning band
Wide o'er the plain in shining order stand ;
At length behold the battle's fury rise !
And mingled shouts and groans invade the skies !
Death rages, in his fiercest form reveal'd,
And reaps the living harvest of the field.
Thus curs'd Ambition sheds her deadly bane,
And wasted kingdoms sigh for peace in vain.

Britannia's King with gen'rous grief survey'd,
 Distress'd mankind; and lent his peaceful aid.
 Hush'd at his voice the mad'ning tumults cease,
 And all the wars loud tempest sinks in peace:
 Fair Liberty exults; th' ambitious Gaul,
 No more in fancy grasps the conquer'd ball;
 Returning Plenty hears the great command,
 And opening Commerce joins each distant land.

So, where the garden's fragrant walks extend,
With sudden rage impetuous rains descend ;
Rent by the tempest in their dewy beds,
The sick'ning flow'rs hang down their drooping heads :
But now the sun's invigorating ray
Dispels the tempest, and restores the day ;
With fresher sweets the breathing flow'rs revive,
And the glad bee with fragrance fills her hive.

H. Senbouse of Christ's College.

JAM fatis bello Furor inquietas
Miscuit gentes; patriâque Mavors
Thraciâ excitus, malefana regum ex-
ercuit arma;
Sive qua Volgæ per inhospitales
Sæviit campos, Rhodanive fervens
Littus, aut valles quibus unda magni
Obstrepat Istri.

Arfit

GRATULATIO.

Arfit Europe furiata : claffes
Vidit hostiles et acuta leto
Rostra misceri, Britonumque fulmen
Audiit, Æquor.

Quin et Arctoas acies, relictis,
Vidimus, faxis patrioque nido,
Ire dejectum solium GEORGI, et
Templa JEHOVÆ :

Exuli dum se malefidus hostis
Jactat ultorem; et vagus insolensque
Per novas valles, et opima latè
Rura triumphat.

Principi pacis mediasque belli
Cui dedit partes Deus; ut minantùm
Gentium Regumque ferociores
Temperet iras ?

Surge dilecti Pater Albionis,
Arbiter Pacis — Tibi fessa dextram
Tendit Europe, Hesperiusque late
Supplicat orbis :

Supplicat soli Tibi — Tu retundis
Heu ! nimis largâ fatiata cæde
Tela, manantemque cruore lassi

Militis hastam :
Laureâ donandus ubique victor,
Sive montanas acies fecundâ
Straveris pugna; famulasve regnes
Primus in undas ;

Sive defueti per acuta belli,
Pristinum Oudnardæ referens honorem,
Induis ferro latus, et resumpto
Cingeris ense.

Jamque nodosis Furor in catenis
Vinctus horrendum fremuit : Tuoque
Munere invisit nova Pax relictas
Hospita terras ;

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Quæ diu, lassis fugitiva pennis,
Heu! pedem frustra cupiit morari,
Ceu per immerfos volitans Palumba
Nuncia montes.

Hic in æterno residens asylo
Regna confirmet pia: GEORGIQUE
Tradat irruptâ serie per omnes
Sceptra nepotes.

G. Graham Coll. Regal. Alumn.

AND now again tumultuous war is o'er,
And smiling Plenty crowns Britannia's shore;
In every eye see radiant pleasure glow,
And rosy transport kindle on each brow.
Be others charm'd with thick-embattl'd plains,
Where inextinguishable Fury reigns:
Whose souls strong-panting glow with martial rage,
And long to join where warring hosts engage;
Who long to mingle in the doubtful day;
Who thirst for fame, where WILLIAM points the way.
Far other scenes my humble soul invite,
Than purple plains or desolating fight:
Such scenes as these to me be only known,
By breathing canvas, and enliven'd stone.
Let Tyrian colours paint th' ensanguin'd plain,
And WILLIAM bleeding on the rapid Mayne:
Shew there a Clayton glorious in his blood,
And bravely falling for his country's good;
And here let GEORGE tremendous whelm the foe,
While conquest hangs on each decisive blow.
In Granta's shades, where science spreads her reign,
Where Virtue pours a balm for every pain;

Far

GRATULATION.

Far from the noisy bustle of the court,
Where gilded care, and sickly pomp resort,
Where fawning envy weaves destructive toils,
And brooding malice basks in dimpling smiles;
There let me steer along the tide of time,
Few rugged waves, or mountain surges climb.
There let me view, in Fancy's gushing eye,
The friend of Virtue and of Liberty:
Let GEORGE appear majestically great,
Brave in the field, and wise in arts of state;
Dispensing blessings with a bounteous hand,
At once the Prince, and Parent of the land.

And now a prospect crouds into my thought,
With ev'ry joy, with ev'ry blessing fraught:
Here calmly sweet Tranquillity is seen,
And Peace gay-smiling with celestial mein;
There Commerce spreads her wide-expanding sail,
Skims o'er the waves, and drives before the gale;
The peasant yonder tills the fruitful ground,
And sows new life into the fertile wound:
While smiling transport revels in each eye,
And all creation joins in songs of joy.

Such, GEORGE, the blessings which thy hands bestow,
Which free to all in rich profusion flow;
So genial Sol impartial pours his beams,
And gladden'd Nature wantons 'midst the gleams.

But now, ye Powers, your kindest influence shed,
And show'r your choicest gifts on GEORGE's head;
Make every day some signal blessing bring,
And bid each future age applaud Britannia's King.

J. Werge of St. John's College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Ad P A C E M.

O Quæ benigno numine bellicas
Compefcis iras, quæ lituum jubes
Tacere, ferventemque Martis
Sanguinei rabiem ferenas ;
Te, Diva, lætæ redde Britanniaë,
Redde otium : nam vultus ubi Tuus
Affulfit; excuffis tenebris,
Luce nitent meliore foles.
Nec Luna, fraudis confcia fubdolæ,
Cædisque, pallet; macerat aut Timor
Somnis iniquus; Servitufve
Exanimat populum catenis :
Sed ufque dulcis Te comitat Salus,
Sed ufque felix Copia; Te foror
Secuta Libertas malorum
Impavidos jubet effe cives.
Sat, O Britannis Præfidium, Tuus
Guffavit enfis fanguinis hoftici ;
Dux magne, devictis catervis,
Sat timidi doluere Galli.
Jam mitiores, Optime, poftulant
Te pacis Artes; Te, Decus Angliæ,
Utrique dilectum Minervæ,
Compoſitis veneremur armis.

W. Cardale Aul. Pemb. Alumn.

GRATULATIO.

Il Pacifico.

HENCE, pestilential Mars,
Of fable-vested Night and Chaos bred,
On matters formless bed,
Mid the harsh din of elemental jars :
Hence with thy frantic croud,
Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Discord cloath'd in fire,
Precipitate retire ;
While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,
And hurries headlong on,
To Ach'ron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming flood.
But hail fair Peace, so mild and meek,
With polish'd brow and rosy cheek ;
That, on thy fleece-white cloud descending,
Hither, soft-ey'd Queen, art tending,
Gently o'er thy fav'rite land
To wave thy genial myrtle wand :
To shake from off thy turtle wing
Th' ambrosial dews of endless spring ;
Spring, like that, which poets feign,
Gilded Saturn's easy reign :
For Saturn's first-born daughter thou ;
Unless, as later bards avow,
The youthful God with spangled hair
Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair :
For, banish'd erst Heav'ns star-pav'd floor,
(As sings my legendary lore)
As Phœbus sat by weeping brook,
With shepherds scrip and shepherds crook,
Pensive 'midst a savage train
(For savage then was all the plain) ;
Fair Harmonia left her bow'r,
To join her radiant paramour :
Hence didst thou spring ; and, at thy birth
Lenient Zephyrs fan'd the earth,

A a

Rumbling

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
Prowling wolves forgot to roar,
And man, whom fiercer rage possess'd,
Smil'd diffension from his breast.
She comes, she comes: ye Nymphs, prepare
Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair;
Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute
To dulcet strains, which aptly suit
The featly-footed faraband
Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
When nimbly light each simp'ring lass
Trips it o'er the pliant grass.
But see, her social smiling train,
Now invests th' inraptur'd plain!
Plenty's treasure-teeming horn
Shours its fruits, its flow'rs, its corn;
Commerce spreads his amplest sail;
Strong-nerv'd Labor lifts his flail;
Sylvanus too attends ('tis he
That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree):
He shall my youngling footsteps lead
Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,
By scooped valley, heaped hill,
Level river, dancing rill,
Where the shepherds all appear,
To shear and wash their fleecy care,
Which bleating stand the streams around,
And whiten all the close-crop'd ground:
Or when the maids in bonnets sheen,
Cock the hay upon the green;
Or up yon steep rough road the swains,
Drive slow along their rolling wains
(Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,
And makes the pond'rous axle crack),
Then to the village on the hill,
The barns capacious jaws to fill,

Where

GRATULATION.

Where the answ'ring flails rebound,
Beating bold with thund'ring sound.
Enchanted with this rural scene,
Here let me weave my arb'retts green :
Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat,
O'er my noontide cool retreat ;
Or bind the oak with ivy-twine ;
Or wed the elm and purpling vine.
But, if my vagrant fancy pants
For charms, which simple nature wants,
Grant, Power benign, admittance free
To some rang'd Academy :
There to give to arts refine
All the impulse of my mind ;
And oft observant take my stand,
Where the painter's magic hand
From sketches rude, with gradual art,
Calls dawning life to ev'ry part,
Till, with nice tints all labour'd high,
Each starting hero meets the eye :
Oft too, oh ! let me nice inspect,
The draughts of justest architect :
And hence delighted let me pass,
Where others mold the ductile brass ;
Or teach the parian stone to wear
A letter'd sage's musing air.
But ah ! these Arts have fix'd their home
In Roman or in Gallic dome :
Tho' strange beseems, that Arts shou'd spread,
Where frowns black Slav'ry's baleful shade ;
And stranger far that Arts decay
Where Freedom deals her warmest ray.
This then deny'd ; I'll swift retreat,
Where Camus winds with murmur sweet :
There teach me, piercing Locke, t' explore
The busy mind's ideal store ;

There,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

There, heav'n-rapt Newton, guide my way
'Mid rolling worlds, thro' floods of day,
To mark the vagrant comets road,
And thro' his wonders trace the God.
Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
Amidst the cloysters silent gloom:
Or, where rank'd oaks their shades diffuse,
Hold dalliance with my darling Muse,
Recalling oft some heav'n-born strain,
That warbled in Augustan reign;
Or turn well pleas'd the Græcian page,
If sweet Theocritus engage,
Or blith Anacreon, mirthful wight,
Caroll his easy love-lay light.
Yet let not all my pleasure lie
Confin'd to one Phœbeian joy;
But ever give my fingers wings,
Lightly to skim the trembling strings,
And from some bow'r to tune the lay:
While list'ning birds croud ev'ry spray,
Or hovering silent o'er my head,
Their quiv'ring wings exulting spread;
Save but the turtles, they alone
With tender plaintive faithful moan,
Shall tell, to all the secret grove,
Their soft thick-warbled tale of love:
Sweet birds! your mingling bliss pursuing,
Ever billing, ever cooing,
Ye! constant pair! I love to note
Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat;
And, ye unheard, from fidelong hills,
The liquid lapse of whisp'ring rills,
I hift to hear: such sounds diffuse
Sweet transports to the thoughtful Muse.
Thus Summer sees me brisk and light,
'Till Winter spreads her 'kerchief white;

Then

G R A T U L A T I O.

Then to the city's social walls,
 Where tolling clock to business calls.
 There the weaver's shuttle speeds,
 Nimble thro' the fine-spun threads:
 There the vocal anvil rings,
 While the smith his hammer swings;
 And ev'ry man and ev'ry boy,
 Briskly join in warm employ.
 Thro' such throng'd scenes full oft I'll range,
 Oft crowd into the rich exchange:
 Or to yon wharf; aside the mote,
 Where the anchor'd ships do float,
 And others, hast'ning into bay,
 Swell their sails in fair array:
 Wafting to Albion's sons the store,
 That each Peruvian mine can pour;
 Wafting to Albion's smiling dames,
 The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,
 'Till all the Indies rush into the Thames.
 Joys vast as these my fancy claims;
 And joys like these if Peace inspire,
 Peace with thee, I string the lyre.

W. Mason B.A. of St. John's College.

ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥΝΤΑΣ το βεβλίου
 Γεν' αθλησι χερσιν
 Ελεσας ειδε Δαιμων'
 'Αμα δη, κεραυνωθεισα,
 Πεσε μιν, πρῶτα λυσσα
 Διαπαντ' τῷ Αρηι,
 Εεις, ἢ κακιστη θνητων.
 'Ο δε, δεισας αμφ' ἐαυτῳ,

B b

Πτερυ-

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Πτερυγῶσις καὶ πῆ ἰσποῖς
 Διελασας, εἰδ' ἐθαρεῖς·
 Αποδας δὲ τὲ διφροῖο,
 Διαλανθανεῖν ζήτησε.
 Επεπαυτο μοχθος ἀνδρῶν
 Απαλαμνος· οἶδ', ἑκαστος,
 Εγελασαν ἀμβροτοὶ πῆ,
 Τον Ἀρηὰ μηνυοῖτες
 Ατρεῖ ἀρμάτος πλωστοῖα.
 Ὁ δὲ Δαίμων, μὴ ποτ' αὐτῷ
 Επῆσας ἐκμανοῖτο,
 Ἀκος δῶρον τὲ φοβοῖο,
 Χαεῖρας γαῖανδ' ἐπεμψε.
 "Ἴτε νῦν, κρατῆσας ἰσπων
 " Ἀρεος δαμένιος ἡμῖν,
 " Απελαυνετ', ὡς αἰετον
 " Μαλα καρτερῶν Βρεῖαννων
 " Βασιλῆα, ζυγος ὦμον.
 " Ὅδε γὰρ πῖσδυθεν ἔξει,
 " Φυλακὴ καλῆρξας ἐδλή·
 " Ἴνα μὴ κακείνος ἐλθῶν,
 " Απελεσθῇ εὐδωπη,
 " Ἀταρ, ἀσφαλῶν ἀρετρῶν
 " Επηγῆτων, πᾶς αἰεσι,
 " Πολεμὸς μαχῆς τ' ἀφροῖης."
 Τα μὲν ὡς ἐνέλλε Δαίμων,
 Χαεῖρες δ' ἐπαῖον ἐργα,
 Φυλακῇ δ' ἔπειθε καλῇν
 Βασιλῆος, λαοῖδ' ἐχαιρον.

GRATULATIO.

FALLOR an arma silent? belli non amplius aures
Personat ancipiti vox metuenda sono.
Terruit imbelles dudum cava buccina Nymphas,
Et cecinit, luctus nuncia, Martis opus;
Ipse Camus, Musis et Apolline nobilis olim,
Sollicito motas murmure fudit aquas:
Faustum omen! vicit tandem sol fortior umbras,
Et tulit alternas lætior hora vices;
Venit et (augurio si mens non fallit inani)
Vix iterum bellis dissolüenda quies.
O quid adhuc votis restat? secura GEORGI
Auspiciis, tellus ponit, et unda, minas.
Thura cremate Deis; toties epulata cruorem,
Fraxinus obtusâ cuspide pendet iners.
Quæ modo Gallorum navis Pelagique furores
Spreverat, in placido fit cariösa salo.
Pax mihi pro sacris restat celebranda triumphis;
Et Phœbi templum pro Jovis arce manet.
CÆSARIS arma canent alii; nos CÆSARIS aram:
Hæc vincunt, victos protegit illa lares.
Pacis honor Palmam exsuperat, Clementia Martem;
Pulchrior armatâ Pallade nuda Venus.
Pace vigent Musæ: timidas Pax explicat alas,
Et docet insolitâ tendere in astra viâ.
Pace nitet tellus: et vos orate coloni
Perpetuam pacem, pacificumque Ducem.
Sed quid ego hæc? coeant quamvis in prælia gentes,
Et quatiat sævas bellica Diva faces;
Hic secura suos ponet Doctrina Penates,
Et Musa, incolumi CÆSARE, tuta canet:
Hic, procul a belli strepitu, immunisque peric'li,
Pro Rege hæc saltem vota poeta ferat;
Serus ut in cælum redeat, doceatque superstes,
Quæ fecit nobis otia, rite frui.

J. Harris Coll. Regal. Alumn.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

EXIL'D too long from Europe's hostile plain,
Where hast thou fix'd, fair Peace, thy gentle reign?
Oh say what happier soil with open arms
Receiv'd thee, frighted thence by wars alarms?
Dost thou on Asia's fragrant plains inhale
From each soft breeze Arabia's spicy gale?
Those eastern plains thro' each successive age
Feel the full force of war's continued rage:
To find thee midst those fields we strive in vain,
Whose soil's enrich'd each year with millions slain.

Or are the distant empires of the West
With thy soft pow'r and genial influence blest?
Dost thou 'midst pathless woods delight to stray?
There savage Indians on each other prey;
And there, from fire to son transmitted down,
'Twixt tribe and tribe eternal discord's fown.

Where yet remains the Goddess' steps to trace?
Say, shall we seek her 'mongst the swarthy race
Of Afric's climes? — 'midst towers and mosques behold
Her shrine far flaming with barbarick gold!
But awkward hands the ill-shap'd fabrick rear'd,
And no nice touches of fair art appear'd.
Here sits the Goddess with dejected air,
In fullen pomp; alas! how chang'd from Her,
Who erst, enthron'd in her Britannia's isle,
Made Europe feel the influence of her smile!
But now in dull inglorious ease she reigns,
'Midst barren desarts, and o'er barbarous swains,
Reclining on her throne in lonely state;
No Muse, no Art, no Science round her wait:
See on her cheek the rose has ceas'd to glow,
And her own olive wither'd on her brow!

Thus long the Goddess mourn'd her abject lot,
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot:"
When, starting from her solitude, she hears
A well-known distant voice salute her ears.

Come

GRATULATIO.

Come to my arms, sweet Peace, Britannia cries;
Come to my arms, the Libyan coast replies:
Come, in thy favourite isle resume thy throne,
And make Europa once again thy own.

The Goddess hears with joy the pleasing sound,
And springs exulting from the hated ground:
See her on out-stretch'd pinions swift advance,
And quick as lightning cut the blue expanse;
To her own Albion's shores her course she steers,
And lo! at length the chalky cliff appears:
Light-gliding thro' the yielding air she flies;
Near and more near Augusta's towers arise:
Augusta's towers receive the dame divine,
'Midst shouts of joy she reassumes her shrine;
Then bids great GEORGE all jarring feuds compose,
And hush the warring nations to repose.

The Monarch, faithful to the charge, obeys
The soft command; deliberate he weighs
Each diff'rent int'rest in impartial scale,
Nor lets oppression over right prevail;
For wide the influence of his power extends,
Th' oppress'd he raises and the stubborn bends:
Drives to it's former bounds usurping pow'r,
And ill-got conquests bids proud Kings restore;
Bids every hostile noise, and tumult cease,
And Europe taste the long-lost sweets of Peace.

Thus when the Danube, swell'n with winter's rains,
O'erflows it's channel, rushing o'er the plains;
Horror and desolation mark it's course:
But shou'd old Neptune rise to check it's force,
The God's command th' impetuous stream controuls,
And straight within it's banks the current gently rolls.

Michael Lort B.A. of Trinity College.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

JAM fatis terras inamœna belli
Scena fœdavit ; pelago foloque
Contumax ludum fatis insolentem
Lusit Enyo.

Jam licet chordas animare plectro ;
Pieris non jam filet inter arma,
Nec furor doctum Gothicus venenat
Sanguine fontem.

Artium nutrix, Opulentiæque,
Mitis Irene, tibi ferta donant,
Te triumphali celebrant clientes
Carminè Musæ :

Atque, dum vestram sapiens olivam
Inferit glebis Britonum, manumque
Porrigit victo generosus ultro
GEORGIUS hosti ;

Te suam totis resonabit undis
Camus exultans virides per oras,
Ut moras rumpat, referatque nostro
Gaudia ponto.

Ille (qui palmas modo mille vidit)
Moriger Regi domino quiescet ;
Tuque, Pax, regnum per utrumque mundum
Diva tenebis.

Carolus Hingeston Coll. Christi Alumnus.

G R A T U L A T I O.

IN Windfor's groves, or Richmond's bowers, or where
 Thy Genii, Albion, for recluse repair;
 Where sprouts the laurel; where the olive blows;
 Eden of Europe! envy'd by thy foes;
 Britannia penfive sat — Astræa smil'd,
 And thus with graceful speech her cares beguil'd.

With thee, Irene's absence I deplore —
 But hear fame's thunder from each distant shore!
 Hark! the whole world's by Anson's fleet survey'd —
 A GEORGE's ensign where unknown display'd
 Dreadful! yet still in Mercy's robe array'd;
 That robe, in which enraptur'd captives own
 Bellona's sons of theirs were never known.
 See Vernon, Townsend, Warren, Hawke — the name
 Of Balchen — hapless tho' his latest aim!
 Happy to die in quest, tho' full, of fame!
 Remember Clayton — tho' our tears must flow —
 A Cornwall too — 'tis gen'rous to bestow
 Grief's tribute which to Fame's unhappy sons we owe!
 But oft that tribute paid — we'll smile — behold
 The earliest Hero in Fame's list enroll'd!
 See the green laurels of thy darling Son
 By patriot and by filial virtue won;
 And see —

Britannia sigh'd, yet smil'd applause — but when,
 Say, shall Irene visit us again?
 Sooner shall Liberty forsake this isle,
 Than on Irene I forget to smile;
 War probes, Astræa, the much-anguish'd heart
 To which each British sigh doth pangs impart:
 Aghast I see the doubtful battle rage;
 And grief for slaughter laurels scarce assuage:
 Yet blest'd in Thee, my solace and my guide,
 Heroic virtue stems affection's tide:
 'Bark'd in thy cause no partial woes I'll feel,
 Nor hope nor fear but for the public weal:

For

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

For lov'd Irene flow no more my tears,
'Till joy commands them, when the Goddess rears
Her head with all the trophies Glory wears.
Sooner, Astræa, shall the English name
Cancel it's triumphs in the rolls of fame,
Than wish or prayer Britannia shall bestow
For Peace, till Liberty enwreaths her brow.

Astræa love-inflam'd — you know I moan
Irene's loss, but hush the rising groan :
For I, Britannia, to thy glory true,
Banish'd my sister, yet a friend to you ;
For sooner would Astræa drop the scale
Of Europe's bliss, than English faith should fail.

But hark — Fame's trumpet sounds — Irene's near —
See, see the oliv'd majesty appear !

Adieu, ye laurels ! savage nature's pride !
Pause, Care ; laugh, Woe ; who groundless fears betide :
Come, sister, share with me Britannia's side.

Irene kneeling — Queen of patriots, deign
T' accept the insignia of a GEORGE's reign,
The fruits of valour, the rewards of pain :
Enwreath thy temples with this olive-crown ;
This dove-top'd scepter grasp with fair renown ;
GEORGE gives — and Europe yields — they are thy own.

Her brow encircled, her fair hand adorn'd,
Each fear now banish'd, ev'ry danger scorn'd,
Britannia thus —

Come, on my side, Irene, take thy place,
Lov'd like Astræa thou, her Sister-Grace !
And now — let Europe all her realms survey,
Where glory's foils, or freedom's phantoms play ;
We, we alone the scene of bliss display :
Here only, wealth, pow'r, harmony are known,
Where Peace and Justice pair'd support the throne ;
That throne — which Love cements, which Love maintains ;
On which — A FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY reigns.

Philip Bennet M.A. Fellow of Magdalen College.

GRATULATIO

VIDETIS? an me ludit amabilis
Error? duelli detonuit furor:
Per æquoris marmor videtur
Pacificus dare vela nauta.
Pax alma junctis visit oloribus
Fines Britannos: pulchraque myrteum
Insigne prætendit Quietis;
Auspicium melioris ævi.
O Diva salve fertilis artium!
Præsens dolorum nubila discutis,
Et gloriâ infueti refulgens
Luminis irradias Britannos.
Agros madentes sanguine militum
Per te revisit Copia, et impio
Vastata Gallorum tumultu
Rura colunt Domini priores.
At quo piâclo Te taceam et Tuas
VINHELME laudes? fulmine Martio
Qui Divus obstantes phalangas
Consilio reprimis secundo.
Tuo quid ensi debeat Albion,
VINHELME, Scotorum implacidum genus
Testatur, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies patriâ tenebris:
Ut, victus in certamine Martio,
Minas inanes Italus advena
Ploravit: et defensâ recto
Fana iterum patuere cultu!
Quæ cura, Ductor maxime, Patriæ
Laudes honesto munere bellicas
Diffundat æternùm manentes
Per titulos memoresque fastos?

F. Simpson Aul. Trin. Alumn.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

To the KING.

WHEN vanquish'd kings inglorious peace proclaim,
Murm'ring at fate, and pining for a name:
Obsequious Fiction trophies must supply,
And ev'ry mimic Art be taught to lie;
Blooming in paint th' ideal Heroes shine,
Frown on a bust, or triumph in a coin;
Or owe their sickly honours, snatch'd from death,
To venal pens and prostituted breath.
Thy worth, GREAT PRINCE, forbids th' officious care;
Zeal can't improve, what envy can't impair:
Glories like Yours that mean to last, desert
Must be their basis, and their shrine the heart.

False Heroes sink, Oblivion's easy prey,
Lost in the gulph, the bubbles of a day.
Him shall each patriot Muse's toil record,
Who fights for justice with a conqu'ror's sword;
Pants to restore his trophies, not increase,
And 'midst the shout of triumphs, sighs for peace:
Winds waft for Him the spoils of distant lands,
And Thames flows rich with Ganges' golden sands:
O'er the wild heath, and desolated plain
He spreads the teeming seed, and waving grain;
Heals the convulsions of a fever'd state,
Cements dis-union, reconciles debate,
And, like repairing Nature, sheds the dew
Whence order smiles, and beauty blooms anew.
Such if there be, proclaim him, Fame, divine,
And speak him born of BRUNSWICK's royal line.

Not ev'ry cause can justify a war,
And plead the Father's love, or Prince's care.
Base was the pride, that set the Greek in arms,
And sigh'd to give a second world alarms:

Unmanlier

GRATULATION.

Unmanlier His, whose troops indignant bore
Mock spoils, and trophies from the scoffing shore.
Ah! let not tyrant Lust, or Fancy's heat,
E'er drag the soldier from his native seat:
Let Reason steel his courage 'gainst the foe,
And conscious sense of justice urge the blow.
To hold the troublers of the world in awe,
Fix Pride her bounds, and give Ambition law;
To ballance with a strong and steady hand
The rights of kings, and Europe's fate command:
Here, Britons, here, be prodigal of blood;
GEORGE owns the cause, and Heav'n shall prove it good.

Yet Faction cry'd "'Tis treasure rashly spent,
"To brave the tyrants of the Continent:
"We'll trust nor tented field, nor trenched wood;
"Rocks be our trenches, and our field the flood.
"Driv'n from his ports, and hunted o'er the main,
"Th' insulted Gaul shall gnash his teeth in vain."

Ah! mean deserters of your country's name,
Whose spoils are plunder, and whose trophies shame:
Guiltless of fraud, nor disciplin'd to flight,
Let Britain triumph in her valour's right;
Still be Her praise to loath th' inglorious scar,
The Parthian conquest and Piratic war.

O shades of English Heroes, great and good,
Edwards, and Henries, bath'd in Gallic blood;
And THOU, whose Genius thund'ring at the Mayne
High shook the standard of Oud'narda's plain:
Say, where's th' enchanting sound that wont to charm,
Virtue's free shout, and Vict'ry's loud alarm?
O! yet to latest times (if Fate command
Peace e'er should wing her flight from Albion's strand)
Still may new Cressy's bless the soldier's eyes,
New Agincourts and Dettingens arise;
Nor less to Bourbon's host, than fleet, be said,
"Here be thy barriers, here thy pride be said."

Let

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Let kingdoms rise or fall, be slaves or free,
The selfish soul is bounded by the sea;
"Shine stars to Him, let partial heav'n provide
"Light for His spot, be darkness all beside".
You scatter far your blessings unconfin'd,
Free as the rains or dews on all mankind;
Hence freedom, genuin fruit of Britain's isle,
Transplanted lives, and blooms in foreign soil:
So pours the sun to worlds beneath his sway
The genial brightness of their various day;
All feel the vital heat his rays dispense,
And bless the wide diffusive influence.

The Belgian saw his foe approach with dread,
You said, "Let Nassau rule" and Terror fled:
And He, whom Alps defenceless left and bare,
Found in thy social strength, a sure barrier.
Austria, like ships amidst the tempest, far'd;
Sunk with each flock, at ev'ry blast despair'd:
Shatter'd and wand'ring in the gulph of war
She saw the friendly light that beam'd afar,
As midnight pilots hail the Polar star.
To shake the Gaul's proud strength, 'twas Yours to join
Britannia's Humber to imperial Rhine;
Obedient Ister lent thee all his streams,
And Volga glory'd to conspire with Thames.

Ocean, impatient of thy foes' controul,
Scatter'd their fleets, and rag'd from Pole to Pole:
He too, when, Europe trembling o'er the blow,
Thy Fate triumphant rode on Anson's prow,
To aid thee, swell'd his storms with fiercest breath,
Roll'd his strong tides, and arm'd his waves with death.
Well did Iberia bid her thunders cease,
And Gallia's sullen Genius sue for peace:
Heav'n, that had pois'd the ballance, saw them fail;
JUSTICE and GEORGE press'd down their guilty scale.

David Graham Fellow of King's College.

GRATULATIO.

BELLI resedit jam furor impius:

Jam luctuosæ mortis imagines
Cessere terris; nec feroces

Exagitant animos tumultus
Martis: resurgunt jam nova sæcula;
Te rege, quales per Latium dies,
Saturne, fulserunt, metallo

Dùm flueret meliore tempus.
Injusta cunctis Gallia gentibus
(Vi freta et armis) vinc'la paraverat;
Et somniis terrarum utrumque
Imperio latus occuparat.

Frustrà: feroces contudit impetus,
Immane frendens, Angliacus Leo,
Læsos ab imâ fœderatos

Pernicie revocare præsens.
Oppressa bellis, Austriacum genus,
Tot una sævis Fœmina regibus
Decumbit impar; sed peric'lis,
Hujus ab auxilio, resurgit.

Post stagna nequicquàm Batavus sua
Fugisset; udis fœta paludibus
Tellus ruisset; nî latebris
Texerat hic clypeo paventem.

En! cerno quanto conciet impetu
Gallus catervas acer: at hostibus
Accepta clades vim Britanni
Tergeminis decorat triumphis.

Virtute statur: — testis ager VALIS;
Testisque paucis milite Dux puer
Cùm stravit ingentes phalanges,
Borbonidæ metuendus Heros.

Vos alta testor mœnia Tornaca,
Mœnique flumen: prælia nàm pater
Infanda bellantum stupebat,
Et rapidas revocabat undas;

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Delapsus alveo mox celeri pede,
Et mistus undis Oceani vagi,
Vidit triumphatas triremes,
 Classe, viris, opibusque captis.
Afflicta tandem perfida gens fame,
Et fracta damnis, projicit impias
 Spes imperandi; deflet arma,
 Atque humili rogat ore pacem.
Hæc, CÆSAR, absens otia gentibus,
Hæc usque præsens consiliis creas;
 O sola formido tyrannis,
 Deliciæ O populi beati.
Te fana jactat præsidium Fides
Illustre. Te spes, Te decus Imperi,
 Firmamque Libertas columnam
 Egregio canit ore, GEORGI.
Tu orbi quietem, Tu Batavis Ducem,
Tu das ruenti Teutoniæ caput;
 Tu rebus imponis salutem,
 Et populos regis usque nutu.

Thomas Swainson A.M. Coll. Christi Socius.

I.

DAUGHTER of Him, at whose command
The sword devours a guilty land;
Who calls the furies from the realms profound
And bids Destruction walk the dreadful round:

II.

Tho' stranger long to Britain's isle
Propitious deign at length to smile;
At length propitious deign to turn afar
The horrid edge of wide destroying War.

Long

GRATULATIO.

III.

Long has the earth with blood distain'd,
Implor'd in vain thy saving hand;
While war licentious spread the ample plain
With blood and dust and mountains of the slain.

IV.

From the fair mansions of the sky,
Where Thou enthron'd dost sit on high,
Goddess descend; tho' of celestial birth,
Revisit once again the sons of earth.

V.

For Thee at first th' Almighty Pow'r
Call'd forth in the creating hour;
Bade jarring elements their discord cease,
And Anarch Chaos yeild the throne to Peace.

VI.

Descend bright Pow'r, and bring with Thee
Thy well-belov'd fair Liberty,
And Plenty blithe, that, 'midst thy shining train,
Her flowing tresses decks with golden grain.

VII.

Thy balm the rankling wounds can heal
Deep open'd by the vengeful steel;
Thy lenient arts the glowing pangs assuage
Of foreign tumult and intestine rage.

VIII.

Long on the globe may'st Thou thy gifts dispense,
On Britain shed thy kindest influence;
With joy her sons, with plenty deck her plain,
That Wealth and Peace may speak a GEORGE's reign.

J. Frank Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

פקד שלום הן את־אינו
סרה מלחמה ממנו :
שושו עמים שושו מלכי
ארץ רחב שלום לפני :
נראה עשר רב מעתה
נראה גם את נחת רבה :
תקע נשק דם אף סוסים
למלחמה לא מוכנים :
אשרי שרים אשרי אמור
נרף שלום את־כל־רעות :
איש מעתה ישלו שלו
תחת גפנו ותאנתו :
יגור גור עמ־כבש אריה
נמר חסיד ירבץ עם שרה :
כשור יאכל אריה תבן
יונק ירצה עמ־חר פתן :
לאת חרב יוכת כתות
גם כידונים למזמרות :
כל־זאת יתן שלום לנו
שלום עשה הן מלכנו :
מלך צדיק לנו האל
נתן על־כל־שרים מושל :
על־כן לאל הלול נתן
שמים בורת תבן :

T. Edwards Aul. Clar. Alumn.

GRATULATIO.

JAM fatis belli, fatis et tumultûs
Martii misit Pater; et furore
Sæva ferali Batavas Enyo

Terruit urbes:

Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Caroli sæc'lum; Lodoix et orbem
Perfidus bello quateret, tremendâ

Cuspide pugnax.

Quis gravi compage premet Quirinum?
Vinc'la quis Marti dabit? at Deorum
Si quis hoc audes, precor O! Britannis
Ocyor adfis.

GEORGIUS sese Patriæ querentis
Jactat ultorem; cadat ut Tyrannis
Infolens, per quem cecidit Scotorum

Flamma rebellis:

Ille, seu Gallos Patriæ imminentes
Sistat, aut turbante gravi tumultu
Placet Europam, studet æmulari

Arma Vinhelmi.

Sic et Elizæ generosa virtus
Marte perjurum fuit in Tyrannum
Angliæ vindex; et in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum.

Te diu, viresque, animumque, moresque
Aureos, sensit, Pater atque Princeps;
Te tuus reddat populus paterno
Serus Olympo.

J. Young Coll. Regal.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

O'ER ravag'd climes let other Chiefs display
The threat'ning ensigns of unlawful sway;
BRUNSWICK, tho' brave, not thus pursues renown;
Not thus adds lustre to the British crown:
For injur'd right His gen'rous sword was drawn,
And helms and faulchions glar'd along the lawn;
For injur'd right His navies throng'd the main,
And free-born Britons fought, nor fought in vain.
Loud with their fame let Flandria's fields resound,
And far-stretch'd Ocean waft their praise around;
While GEORGE' and WILLIAM's deathless deeds inspire,
Each grateful Muse with animating fire.

But see! — with plumes far-glitt'ring from on high,
Bright Peace descending from her native sky,
(Her brows with olive crown'd, in beauty's pride,
Joy in her hand, and Plenty by her side)
With rapture lights — the gloomy storm is o'er,
The tempest sleeps, and thunders cease to roar;
No more whole armies strew th' ensanguin'd plain,
Or Flandria weeps o'er myriads of the slain:
Peace smiles around, and breathes a balmy air,
That heals the agonizing wounds of War.
Hence spears hang useless in patrician halls,
And mould'ring trophies deck the peaceful walls;
Greens never-fading grace the Hero's tomb,
And the young babe comes smiling from the womb:
Hence Commerce swells it's unmolested sails,
And wealthy castles float with gen'rous gales.
Pleas'd with th' engaging scene the Monarch smiles,
And heart-felt joy o'erspreads his happy isles;
Tho' great in arms, he shuns the paths of blood,
And grounds his glory on his people's good.
Beneath his reign shall home-bred Faction die:
And Heav'n-born Justice quit her fav'rite sky;
Pleas'd in her much-lov'd Britain to reside,
The People's safeguard and the Monarch's pride.

But

GRATULATION.

But hold, my Muse; — Where tends your 'raptur'd flight?
To what new regions, what exalted height?
Modest at first you tun'd your humbler lays,
But now wing dauntless thro' the realms of praise.
As when the tender dove essays to fly,
And fans with quiv'ring plumes the unknown sky;
Tim'rous she flutters thro' the fields of air,
And with uneven course betrays her fear;
But soon th' enliv'ning South with genial pow'r
Inspires fresh ardor, and she fears no more:
So the kind Gales, that, sweeping o'er the seas,
Waft to their favour'd isle the KING and PEACE;
Give the young Muse on bolder wings to rise,
And tempt the giddy height of trackless skies.

W. Sewell of Caius College.

QUISQUIS es, affuetus tecum meditarier oras
Fœcundas circum Cami, veteresque tenere
Secessus, ubi Musarum chorus omnis, et alma
Mater habent dulces aditus, sedesque beatas;
Quisquis, in umbrosâ vatum requiescere sylvâ,
Tranquillo indulgens animo, privataque pendens
Consilia, errat ubi interdum, interdumque relinquit
Inferiora animus, cœlorumque ardua lustrat;
Quisquis es, accedas: vos ipsæ accedite Musæ.
Jam rediit Britonum Genius; medio æquore, formâ
Neptuni, insistit; proprium dum dextra Tridentem,
Lævaque pacificam Angliacis ostendit olivam,
Hæc ait: "Hostiles procedere longius iras
"Non finimus: classes iterum revocate superbas.
"En! vestrum imperium pelagi est; en! pristina Virtus
"Jam tandem rediviva Ansoni nomine pacem
"Reddidit Europæ: robur navale triumphans

" Gallia

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

“ Gallia nunc metuit; metuunt cuncta undique classem
“ Littora laurigeram: non Saxo sub duce campi
“ Gloria Flandriaci jactata expendere possit
“ Et laudem, Warrene, tuam, tantosque reductos
“ Ansoni ad Britonas Indis ab utrisque thesauros.
“ CÆSARIS Angliaci teneat pia dextera sceptrum
“ Æquoreum: Tua sed pietas, Rex magne, tuorum
“ Tædia respiciat, dum omnem infelicibus armis
“ Sentiat Europam oppressam; tua munera, utramque
“ Et laurum, et viridem focii fateantur olivam.”
Talibus effatus, proprias se merfit in undas
Neptunus: fruiturque statim felicibus horis,
Tranquillis iterum fruitur tota Anglia campis.
Non fata armorum incerta, et fors impia belli,
Sollicitant animum uxoris pro conjuge, nati
Pro patre, ancipitem: non amplius anxia mater
Dilecti, secum quum sola, pericula nati
Magna fatis, majora facit: non sanguine campum
Spargit Flandriacum, intempestivisque suorum
Funeribus regum ambitio: Mavortia pubes
Non cadit ante diem, aut fato succumbit iniquo.
At nunc florescunt artes: nunc tutius audet,
Libertate suâ freta, indulgensque quieti,
Lascivire iterum Musa; et nunc classibus, olim
Ad pugnam instructis, multas Hispania, multas
India, mittit opes: sacra commercia Pacis
Aucta sub auspicio jam extendunt latius armis
Angliacum nomen. Totius Gallia mundi
Definat imperium petere, et renovare labore
Nequicquam infractas classes: dum sceptrum tenebit
GEORGIUS; agminibus dum noster præsit IULUS;
Æquora dum resonant Ansoni nomine; nullam
Laurigera à quovis rege accipit Anglia normam.

Samuel Crew A. B. Trin. Coll. Alumn.

GRATULATIO.

To the KING.

STROPHE.

AS some vast vista, whose extent
Scarce bounded by the firmament
From whence it's sweep begun;
Above, beneath, in every place,
Mark'd with some grand distinguish'd grace,
Ends with the golden sun:
Thus, GEORGE, thy reign, to the impartial view
In all its parts, in every light appears;
For ever happy, as for ever new,
Rise the bright days, and roll the glorious years.
Yet — still — the voice, that bids the nations breathe
To hear fair justice, and the sword to sheathe,
'Tis this, th' exertion of thy godlike soul,
'Tis this confirms, compleats, and nobly crowns the whole.

ANTISTROPHE.

Oh! born the nations to compose,
How doubly sweet thy olive blows
O'er the triumphant palm!
After the blast, how bland the breeze!
How amiably superb the seas,
When hush'd into a calm!
Say by what miracle, what pow'rful charm,
Plan'd and accomplish'd was th' august design?
Was it thy WILLIAM's formidable arm
Just and effectual, like the wrath Divine?
Was it thy fleet that smoak'd the depth along
Swift as the eagle, as the lion strong? —
No — 'twas that Wisdom bad the warfare cease,
Whose ways are pleasantness, and all whose paths are PEACE.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

E P O D O N.

Of Camus oft the solitary strand
Poetically penfive will I haunt:
And, as I view th' innumerable sand,
Think on thy bounties; and with transport chaunt,
That now no more Bellona's brazen car
Affrights Urania in her blifsful feat;
Nor Stratagem, the subtlest snake of war,
Plots to entangle every Pilgrim's feet:
That now no lures our vagrant steps mislead;
Except the harmless fyrens of the mead,
Deftly fecrete in hawthorne ambuscade,
Charm the romantic rovers to the upland glade.

C. Smart M.A. Fellow of Pembroke Hall.

IMPOSITA est sero tandem manus ultima bello:
Quæ filuere diu, meditantur carmina Musæ,
Compositisque armis sua gaudia dicere tentant.

Rerum ætate novâ, quando jam sec'la regebat
Aurea Saturnus, Terræ idem et rector Olympi;
Cum lætis aderant præsentia numina terris,
Ipsique implebant sua pulvinaria Divi:
Pax etiam sua templa habuit, sua sacra per urbes;
Atque omnes illam ritu coluere quotannis,
Indutique togis, et olivâ tempora cincti.

Tum vero arctarum Libertas nescia legum,
Inconcussa Quies, et pleno Copia cornu
Profudere manu terris sua dona benignâ.

Dein, cum (Saturno de cœlis a Jove pulso)
Divisum imperium mundi est, nova condita regna,
Oceanusque, Orcusque suos novere tyrannos:
In terras Eris e Stygiis sese extulit undis,
Et lateri agglomerant Dirarum mille figuræ,
Ira ambas inflata genas, oculisque retortis

Invidia,

GRATULATIO.

Invidia, atque manus Strages imbuta cruore ;
Necnon aspicere est Bellonam vinc'la ferentem,
Centimanamque Rapinam, et onusto corpore Prædam.

At, visu tali tantisque exterrita monstis,
Pax terram fugit extemplo cælosque revisit :
Quà chorus illorum, fuerant qui pacis amici
In vitâ, quique æternâ nunc pace fruuntur,
Continuò illius folium circumdat eburnum,
Pars calamos inflare leves, pars dicere versus.

Intereâ hîc vario miscentur cuncta tumultu,
Improba Eris miseras inimicat sedula gentes,
Et longas struit ambages, causasque querelæ :
(Heu nimium indulget studiis fortuna malignis !)
Excidit omnis amor populis; sibi quisque futuras
Aut timet insidias aliunde, aut instruit ultrò.

Nunc demum duris crepitare incudibus enses,
Et nova, quæ natura rudis sibi finxerat arma :
Pastorale pedum fit cuspidis hasta minacis,
Quodque prius defendit oves, jam vulnerat hostem.
Clamor ad arma vocat passim, tubicenque laborat
Ære ciere viros ad ferrea funera Martis.
Pauci (animæ fortes! digni melioribus annis !)
Quêis cordi est libertas, pacem et fœdera suadent :
Frustrâ — ni sortes hominum miseratus iniquas
Jupiter ancipitem Janum, qui temperet orbem,
Misisset, bello pariter pacique paratum ;
Hinc facies rerum varia, et mutabilis ordo.

At satis Angligenæ tibi, rex Gradive, litarunt ;
Jamque ideo, post tot cædes, exhaustaque bella,
Rursus limen amat variati janua Divi.

Quid fortes potuere manus, quid vivida virtus,
Viderunt gentes, et postera Gallia flebit ;
Si successus abest, Fortunæ crimen in illo :
Sed tu Fortunâ major, Sandvice, fuisti,
Unus, qui nobis victorem vincere nôsti,
Atque olli vestras leges imponere pacis.

J. Gordon A. B. Coll. Emman.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

NOW on Cam's sacred banks fair Peace appear'd,
And high the olive o'er his groves was rear'd:
The God enraptur'd left his watry bed,
And o'er the stream advanc'd his rev'rend head;
Then to the groves his tow'ry front he bow'd,
And thus exulting hail'd the fight aloud.
See! see fair Peace her olive wand extend,
While all the Muses in her train descend;
O! now no more my youthful sons shall hear
The trumpet rousing to tumultuous war:
Here on my side shall court the tuneful train;
Nor fly my groves for Flandria's hostile plain,
Their lives 'midst slaughter'd thousands to resign
And dye the floods of Ister or of Rhine;
Proud in my Sov'reign's favour to rejoice,
And boast Newcastle with exulting voice;
Who o'er these sacred mansions shall preside
His Country's glory, and his Granta's pride.
I see, I see, my numerous sons increase,
And flourish in the beauteous arts of Peace:
Here, where great Newton measur'd out the skies,
And Paradise first op'd to Milton's eyes;
Full on my sight shall other Newton's beam,
And other Milton's charm my list'ning stream;
All rising fair from my parental hand,
The destin'd blessings of a peaceful land.

So great Æneas in th' Elysian shade,
Saw all his bright posterity display'd;
Saw Roman heroes in succession rise
Demanding life, impatient for the skies:
And rapt in glorious ages yet to come,
Already triumph'd in immortal Rome.

J. Sharp C. C. C.

G R A T U L A T I O.

ΤΑ δεινα μοχθησάδης, ἤδη χαιρεθ' ὦ BRITANNOI,
 Στυγεραῖσιν ὕμων συμφοραῖς κορωνιδέ τεθεισης·
 Αἰθ' ὦν μὲν ἀγαθὰ πάλῃ δαπ' ὁ ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ δίδωσι,
 Ἀντὶ πολέμου βαρὺς μὲν, εἰρήνῃ φίλῃ ἅπασιν,
 Ἀντὶ γὰρ κακῶν φοινικικῶν, κιθάρᾳ τε ἔχ' χορείας.

Ἐν ταῖς φίλων σωστικαῖς, τοῖς ἀνδράς, ὡς ὁρεπεῖ, νῦν
 Ἐγκωμιάζωμεν, τὰ πρῶτ' ἐν ταῖς μαχαιαῖς αἰδ'·
 Τὴς ἀποφεργνῆας· τὸν κλυτὸν τε νεανίαν μαλιστα
 Τὸν Βασιλικόν, τοῖς πολεμίοις φόβον, φίλοις δὲ πᾶσι,
 Τὰς εἰδας ὅς μιν· μάχᾳ τ' ἐπιδημίοις ἐλύσεν.
 Ἡμῖν γ' ἅπασ' ἐξέσιν ὥς, ἐν τοῖς ἀγροῖσιν ἔστιν
 Νῦν ἀσφαλῶς, τὰ γεωργικά σκόδι λαβεῖν πρῶτον,
 Νῦν διαπεπλυσμένη φόβῳ γ' ἀνδύθεν ἡ θάλαττα,
 Πολυτλήμονες ποτ' ἐμποροῖ νῦν ἀσμελῶς γελῶσιν,
 Τὰ χρηματ' ὀλλυμένη· δατυχῶς ἐς οἶκον ἐπαναγοίτες,
 Παιῶν μὲθ' Εἰρήνης καλῶν δούποια νῦν παρῇ·
 Ὅφ' ἀεὶ χάρας, ἢ Παιῶν, ἢ, ἢ, βρομῇ.

ὦ φίλτατ' Εἰρήνη, γάθων δεσποῖνα, τὸν βίον ἡμῖν
 Παράμεινον, δατυχεσάτ' ὡς πρᾶσσωμεν ἐς τὸ λοιπόν,
 Ἰν' ἀμύνης τε, καὶ σοφοῖ, καὶ πλεῖστοι βιωμῇ.

T. Dockwray A. B. Coll. Div. Joh. Socius.

I.

ME too, the meanest of the tuneful train,
 With mild acceptance, gentle Peace, receive;
 Tho' cold our fun, and fruitless is our plain,
 For thee, of choicest flow'rs a wreath I'd weave;
 For ne'er shall Camus want a laurel'd bard
 Where lofty Milton and great Dryden sung,
 While the harmonious plaintive voice is heard
 Amid the shades his lute where Prior strung;
 For ne'er shall Pembroke want a son inspir'd,
 Where still survives the flame that Spenser first acquir'd.

H h

Oh

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

II.

• Oh had I but our Spenser's tuneful reed !
My honied lay should sweetly flow along ;
Deftly I'd pipe it o'er the flow'ry mead,
And emulate Dan Pope's melodious song ;
To thee, Irene, fairest nymph, I'd sing,
And wake the babling echo with thy praise ;
Thy soaring praise should imp my unfledg'd wing,
And teach your bard his heav'n-ward flight to raise :
But me nor Spenser's gentle Muse inspires,
Nor glow within my breast ypent Miltonic fires.

III.

Else should my verse Thy victories pursue,
WILLIAM, thro' rescu'd realms and battles gain'd ;
More glories rising to my ravish'd view
Than ever painter sketch'd or poet feign'd ;
While Fancy, pow'r creative, strives in vain
To set thy virtues in a fairer light,
And Envy, all too feeble to sustain
Thy blaze of glory, sickens at the sight ;
My verse should live with thy immortal name,
And climb with distant step the steep ascent of fame.

IV.

There glitt'ring bright in military gold,
And in imperial purple richly dight ;
Amid ten thousand dangers inly bold,
The rising Hero should conduct the fight :
While vanquish'd foes his virtue should approve,
Yet, studious of their dearer country's praise
Give half the glory of the war to JOVE ;
He on that basis should his merit raise,
Deeming the greatest praise that can be giv'n,
To love, and to be lov'd of Brittain and of Heav'n.

Here

GRATULATION.

V.

Here firm and steady as a rooted rock,
Albeit attack'd by waves and adverse winds,
He stands the Gallic host's impetuous shock,
The triple chain of battle he unbinds;
He breaks the ranks, the pride of Gallia flies
Dispers'd and routed, broken is their pow'r;
He lifts the sword, and lo! a hero dies,
And valour and experience are no more;
And there the British Prince triumphant strides
While down his wounded leg the purple current glides.

VI.

But see! the Chieftain gives the peaceful sign,
The veterans, with slaughter tir'd, obey;
Ceas'd are the fires, and horrors of the mine
And smould'ring smoke bursts into sudden day;
The feeble cry, and agonizing yell
Of youth robust, and weak enervate age,
Applaud th' heroick hand by which they fell,
Aw'd by such worth, and praise the gen'rous rage:
Senseless mean-while and harden'd to his own,
He tends his soldiers wounds, and feels for them alone.

VII.

'Tis she! 'tis she, she comes, the heav'nly fair,
Irene, follow'd by each smiling grace,
Mild is her mien, and placid all her air,
And soft Philanthropy is in her face;
With her Contentment steady and serene,
The same in happiness alike and woe,
When Providence presents the checquer'd scene
Submissive she awaits the coming blow:
While virtuous Industry supports her train,
And guiltless Affluence untouch'd with venal stain.

Still

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

VIII.

Still does the long, the gay procession pass!
Majestick Clio, and each sister Muse,
Recording History, with pen of brass
I see; nor Sculpture does her aid refuse,
Awful she looks, yet duteous to the Nine!
As Homer dictated Euphranor's Jove,
She plans and meditates the great design;
And, while her thoughts to theirs obedient move
To raise the MONARCH grand in Parian stone,
They weave the laureate wreath, and nobler Civic crown.

IX.

So, when Augustus bade the war expire
And freed the Nations from the dread of Rome,
Immortal Horace touch'd the sounding lyre,
And bold Vitruvius swell'd the ample dome;
Then to the gods three hundred temples rose
With Io Pæans ev'ry temple rung,
While storied columns told the vanquish'd foes,
The Secular, the lofty strain was sung;
They prais'd the Prince whose favour did dispence
Health to th' expiring Arts and vital influence.

X.

And thus, I deem, our Sov'reign should be paid,
Our Sov'reign's praise ye heav'n-taught bards repeat;
In all the majesty of verse array'd,
Your Friend, your Patron, your Augustus meet;
And you, ye Architects, with happiest art
Thro' all th' ideal buildings strictly search
To raise, memorials of a grateful heart,
The tow'ring column and Triumphal arch;
Convey to after-times the Hero down,
And with your Prince's name immortalize your own.

James Charles Hitchcock of Pembroke Hall.

GRATULATIO.

FAMA, diu dubiis volitans quæ pendula pennis
Arfit abire fugâ, et trepido gratarier orbi,
Emicuit: nec Tu nequicquam, Europa, labores
Visa queri, aut casso suspendere vota labello:
Nec Musæ periere preces, quin protenus omnes
Semianimesque micent digiti, plectrumque retractent
Desueti. Quid enim ingratum disperdere carmen
Juerit, armorum gemuit dum pondere ripa
Flandriaca hinc; illinc Arctoæ dissona pubis
Barbaries, patriis modulatas follibus auras
Eliciens, Pœane viam signavit amaro?
Torpentique gravem tinnitum incusserat auri
Explosi sonus ignis, et illætabile murmur?

Eja agite, alati toto decurrite cælo
O Venti, et lætas audite et spargite voces.
Tum decuit filuisse, tubæ dum tristis Erinnyes
Tartaream intendit vocem; ne forte susurrum
Accipiens Indus rideret inania regum
Murmura bacchantum, et magni ludibria belli;
Dulcibus ille quidem in latebris, et Pacis in umbrâ
Indigenæ recubans, tutisque potitus arenis:
At non infelix armorum Europa; (Gradivo
Hac iter est) viden', ut discordibus excita monstros,
Ut galeâ turbata comas, ut fletibus ora;
Ut gremio crudele patet, stillatque cicatrix!

Jamdudum (testes Fasti, qui triste rubentes
Sanguinis æternas trahitis per sæcula labes)
Per terras Mors signa tulit, comes addita castris,
Pallentemque agitavit equum; simul æquore denæ
Errantem videre hyemes, quâcunque repos'tas
Nereus fundit aquas, seu Serica littora lambens,
Seu falsâ Hesperias plangens aspergine cautes,
Halcyonum in cunas, et naufraga sæviit ova.

Ah! quoties frustra ripæ ulterioris amore
Velle videbantur dare vela, ægramque trahentes
Sæpe moram occulto mufabant littore, Naves;

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Naves, Oceani metuentes æquore tingi!
Nunc hostis super unus, et implacabilis alto
Æolus — O si quâ ventos in fœdera cogas
Luctantes, Liparæ pater, nimbosque sequestrâ
Lege premas! — juvat ire tamen, juvat æquora pinu
Conferere, et magnum ratibus vestire profundum.
Panduntur portus: it spumans ardua prora,
Imperitatque vadis, omnemque capacibus alis
Exceptat Boream. Juvenum manus emicat ardens
Littus in Hesperium; spoliisve Orientis onusta
Verrit iter, fulcatque viam. Quocunque receptat
Se Thetis alta finu, per devia regna liquentes
Pone legunt cursus, vestigiaque humida lustrant
Audaces Dryadum natæ; quas dædalus actis
Firmavit cuneis labor, et contemnere jussit
Vimque Deûm æquoream, et Morti prætereundæ costas.
Warrenii his victrix, his Ansonis impigra virtus;
Velivolique Poli, atque Indorum pervius usus.

Nec nulla interea est populatæ gratia terræ:
Si cruor ille virûm sterili generosus arenæ
Luxuriem dedit; et bibulam pinguescere glebam
Jussit, et uberibus culmos nutare sepulchris.
Usque adeo hanc olim venturis fata Napæis
Invenere viam: neque enim prius aurea quondam,
Quam sacro Alcides Achelöia littora tabo
Lavisset, Fluviali inolevit copia cornu.

Quâ tandem deducta manu, quibus ausa ministris
Pax adferre pedem, Martemque ambire furentem
Lenibus alloquiis? ibat pulcherrima Virgo
Te, GEORGI, comitante, et Te, quam magna frementem
Effudit, magno partûs percussâ dolore,
Frons Jovis. Omnis ibi aversus subit ensis operta
Vaginæ; placidâque ibi demum sede quiescit.
Omne quo, glaucum intorquens Germania lumen
Pacatos ducit cyathis plaudentibus haustus:
Contrâ elata mari, cautoque Britannia nisu

Huc

GRATULATIO.

Huc illuc regnorum immania pondera librans,
Explicuit frontem: nec spreto fœdere Belgam
Diffiliisse juvat: venerando Hispania vultu
Annuit; et facilem protendit Gallia dextram.
Aggeribus Furor Alpinis dejectus, et inter
Assuetumque malo Ligurem Mutinensiaque arva
Errabunda, abiit pallens Fuga: Tuque nivalis,
Sanguine puniceos dudum mentite colores,
Apennine pater, candenti à vertice spectas
Eridanum Hadriaco coeuntem lætius æstu.

Nec verò infames liquisti turbidus agros
Jam primùm, et sævo furaris lumina ludo;
Scilicet et quondam nodoso pectore, Mavors,
Palladium expertus vulnus; quo tempore telo
Percitus Ætolo, curisque ingentibus æger
Implèsti ætheriam lacrymosis vocibus aulam
Saucius. Ah! tibi si stillâffet letifer Ichor,
Vixissent quot morte tuâ! nunc, pallida turba,
Vulnera Lethæo ficcant lacrymasque fluento.

Hanc saltem, reduci cui læta Britannia mater
Oscula libavit pubi, complere parentis
Amplexus liceat; liceat superesse nepotem,
Dum vaga funestos patris umbra supervolat agros.
Interea, exuvias sylvestri redditus arcu
Vinforiæ affigens, lætis discriminat omnem
Primitiis lucum, et nascentis pignore famæ,
Armipotens Juvenis; tenuem cui tollere vocem
Musa volens, Famæ clamorem auditque, fateturque
Esse suo majorem, et vinci gaudet ab illâ.

Nec Te transferit (si qua est ea gloria), blandis
Qui rabidam imperiis Aquilamque, irasque Leonum
Vinc'la recusantùm et fero jam Marte rudentùm,
Mulcebas, Sandvice: tuo si munere stragem
Terra superfusam pingui mutavit aristâ;
Scilicet et prolem tardè crescentis olivæ
Ferali obscænæ laurûs immiscuit umbræ,

Prolem,

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Prolem, reginam nemorum; quam læta laborum
Ipfa fuis quondam manibus Tritonia virgo
Fertur defixiffe, deditque affurgere in auras.
Cui nunc Aonides, parvæ fpem gentis, adultos
Educunt natos: illi circumque fupraque,
Affueti Cami ripis et fluminis alveo,
Frondebis inter fe ftrepitant; lascivit in umbrâ
Stridula progenies, foliisque fub omnibus hæret:
Plurimaque hofpitibus dependet fiftula ramis.

Nec citharæ folum audiri: quot vulnera rorant
Sanguineùm, totidem ora fonant, tot hiantia plaudunt,
Quifquis is annuerit bonus otia, præque duello
Tenderit inducias, Martemque excufferit orbi;
Sive Deus, feu fit Brunfvici fanguinis unus.

Job. Fofter Coll. Regal. Alumn.

FROM whom fhould Peace fincerer vows receive
Than from thofe arts which by her prefence live?
Far from the noife of arms, in cells and fhades,
The fons of Science wait th' infpiring maids:
Yet not inglorious; if the cloifter'd fage
Enrich the moral or hiftoric page,
The Hero's acts from dark oblivion fave,
Or frame the precepts which make Heroes brave.

But now no more fhall rude alarms moleft
The learn'd, the virtuous, or the tuneful breaft:
No more the matron's pious tears deplore
Her abfent heir: the penfive bride no more
With fancied dangers real fears create;
Or Albion tremble for her WILLIAM's fate,
WILLIAM, whole godlike arm, and filial care,
Hufh'd her loud griefs, and fnatch'd her from defpair.

He

GRATULATION.

He came, he saw, he drove Rebellion forth
To the bleak regions of her native north :
There, on the confines of some barren shore,
While tempests howl and oceans round her roar,
The fiend, impatient of the galling chain,
Heaves her huge limbs, and bites her bonds in vain !

But Peace returns, and o'er the smiling land
The fair magician waves her olive wand ;
Beneath whose touch the vales fresh verdure wear,
And future harvests seem already here.
Wide o'er the deep her Halcyon power prevails ;
The deep, now darken'd with unnumber'd sails.
Securely there the merchant ploughs his way
Through Ushant's straits, and Biscay's faithless bay :
Securely flacks his course, and points the place,
Where late our Heroes urg'd the naval chace ;
" 'Twas there, he cries, where yon advancing tide
" Swells from the right, that Gallia's tow'ring pride
" Bow'd to the British flag : " then spreads the sail,
And, whilst his eager tongue pursues the tale
Of Albion's triumphs, round the Celtic steep
Winds to the bosom of Iberia's deep.

There, as they glide, he sees with ardent eyes
In crouds his country's former conquests rise :
He leaves the lessening Groyne beheld from far,
And Vigo dreading still the sound of war ;
Cascaia's turrets half in Tagus lost,
And Gades, and Calpe's oft disputed coast,
Fair cause of endless hate ! — But why essays
Th' ambitious verse to grasp Britannia's praise ?
Witness, O Earth, how wide her conquests run ;
Witness, thou rising, and thou setting Sun ;
Witness, ye Winds, that bear her on her way,
And Waves, that hail her sovereign of the sea !

Yet ne'er should glory's gen'rous heat too far
Provoke destructive, tho' successful, war.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Th' Almighty hand, which first her shores secur'd
With rolling oceans and with rocks immur'd,
Which spread her plains, and bade her flocks increase,
Design'd Britannia for the land of Peace;
Where Commerce only should exert her sway,
And musing Science trim th' unfading bay.

Then O, tho' still from Albion's favour'd coasts
New Drakes, new WILLIAMS lead her willing hosts;
Tho' many a realm, in many a fatal hour,
Has forc'd her to be brave, and felt her pow'r:
Yet still be peace her choice. With plenty crown'd
Still may she shed the softer blessings round.
Nor fear we thence her innate world should fail:
Firm as her oaks, when winds or waves assail,
She'll stand the storm; tho' better pleas'd to spread
The milder honours of a peaceful shade.
Ye lands of slaves, whom each mad master's will
Draws forth in myriads, and inures to kill!
What, tho' from use, your strengthen'd sinews know
To hurl the lance, or bend the stubborn bow?
What tho', from use, your harden'd bodies bear
The march laborious, and the midnight air?
Yet must ye still inglorious schemes pursue,
And feel a want which Britons never knew.
'Tis in a juster cause Our arms engage,
Than weak ambition, or insatiate rage;
'Tis from a nobler source Our spirits roll:
Toil forms the limbs, but Liberty the soul.

W. Whitehead M.A. Clare-Hall.

GRATULATIO.

RUSTICANTIS SENIS

Charissimæ ALMÆ MATRIS quondam Alumni

CARMEN VOTIVUM.

MUTAM perpetuis ante silentiis
Quam damnent citharam fata, meo brevem
Filo, quod celeri turbine solvitur,
Addens, namque potes, moram,
Extremis faveas, Musa, laboribus.
Te saltem liceat, Pax bona, patriæ
Gratari reducem, Te dominam artium
Lætæ Pierides colunt:
Ornatumque ferens Copia frugibus
Cornu se comitem jungit, et Otium,
Non fegnis studii cultor, amabiles
Securæ referens vices
Vitæ. Seu niveos, Faune pater, greges
Mirari libeat; dædala floribus
Circum rura nitent: seu penetralia
Scrutari sapientiæ,
Et verum latebris eruere abditis;
Seu spissi tacitas per nemoris vias
Reptare, et Dryadum colloquio frui
Miti numine vatibus,
Dum condunt numeros, advigilantium.
Pacis quòd fruor his muneribus, dies
Lætum fulget; onus, jam senior, minùs
Detrecto grave temporum;
Nec vixisse queror jam nimium diu:
Tandem tuta novat patria spiritus;
Spondet, dum recolit fata Britannia,
Longas mens mihi ferias.

Cessit

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Cessit Brunsviacis plus vice simplici
Civilis rabies auspiciis; dolor
Quantus nuper iit per miseras domos!
 Heu! quæ mens mihi? qui timor,
Pulsans pectora, me furripuit mihi?
Quæ totum tenuit cura gravis (seni
Ignoscenda, licet fisa minùs Tuæ,
 CÆSAR magne, potentiæ)
Ne Tu pollueres, sancte pater, fidem?
Ne Martis dubii cederet aleâ
Prædoni folium barbaro; et O! meos
 Extremo violentior
Ne fors in stadio tristitiâ dies
Turparet: veteri ne Domino et Patre
Plorarem viduus; qui mihi vesperum
 Omni turbine liberum
Dat ridere: diu qui precor omnibus
Miti consilio proroget otium.
Jactans et genus, et nomen inutile,
 Raptor, præsidio scaphæ
Fidens se fragili, transvolat æquora;
Non hæc barbarico pollicitus gregi:
Æternùm tibi spes occidit, occidit
 Experto populi fidem.
Sospes, si sibi non diffidet, Albion
Sævos, Roma, dolos, quos struis impotens,
Et quodcunque, ferox Galle, minaberis,
 Imperterrita rideat.

GRATULATION.

V E R S E S

INSCRIBED TO

His Grace the CHANCELLOR,

AND TO THE

UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE,

On occasion of the Peace.

AT length the hostile din of war is o'er:
The battle's thunder shakes the field no more.
At length, with Love and Joy in smiles combin'd,
Fair PEACE descends from Heav'n to bless mankind.
Where bleeding earth late groan'd with warriors slain,
SHE bids the harvest wave along the plain:
Where cities sunk beneath the fiery storm,
Lo, at Her voice confusion leaps to form!
The village dance and courtly pomp confess
Her the sole source of social happiness.
No more the cannon's rage shall blot the flood;
The guilty wave no more be stain'd with blood:
But the glad sail shall waft the vessel o'er,
And ev'ry nation visit ev'ry shore.
The blessings of each clime each clime shall gain;
Nor Ocean spread his mighty floods in vain.
But chief, the pride of Peace, shall FREEDOM smile,
And show'r her glories o'er Britannia's isle:
There, clad in heav'n's own lustre, TRUTH shall shine,
And call forth VIRTUE's awful form divine.

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

Congenial pow'rs! by native union sway'd!
I sing your kind reciprocated aid.

O PELHAM, Thou to whom the Fates dispense
The godlike pow'r of wide beneficence;
Deign to the faithful Muse thine ear to bend:
The Muse is Thine, for she is Freedom's friend.
And Ye, the Guardians of celestial Truth,
Who form the thought, and strike the fate of youth;
With candid eye the poet's labour view,
Who paints those precepts which he learnt from You.

First to my song, majestic Freedom, rise!
And call thy twin-born sister from the skies,
Unspotted Truth: for Truth from thee alone,
While she augments Thy pow'r, receives her own.
See, the young Mind, while things unknown surround,
In the fond gaze of ardent wonder drown'd,
With native joy each hidden cause explores,
And wakes to action all her free-born pow'rs.
On bold tho' artless pinion, proud to KNOW,
She tempts the heights above, and depths below;
And, glad thro' wide creation's maze to stray,
Soars to the founts of intellectual day:
Propitious Truth applauds her daring wing,
And smiling leads her to her hallow'd spring.

Nor less fair Truth and Liberty combine
To warm the breast with Virtue's flame divine.
Truth bids the Soul to scenes of wonder rise,
And read her Maker's image in the skies;
Points out, thro' earth below and heav'n above,
Wisdom and Pow'r, the ministers of Love.
With native sympathy the Soul elate
Sees to admire, admires to imitate.
Thence Freedom fires the heart, by Truth refin'd,
To spread her equal gifts on all mankind:
Whom heav'n thought worthy Being to possess,
She greatly thinks is worthy Happiness;

Instructs

GRATULATION.

Instructs the heart with boundless love to glow,
The gentle eye to melt at human woe:
Bliss opens round, obedient to her call;
And what is Virtue, but what blesses all?

Far other fate attends the free-born mind,
In the fell chain of ruffian pow'r confin'd:
Where tyrant-rage and bigot-frowns controul
The native efforts of the struggling Soul.
Thro' fair creation's round tho' beauty reign;
For Her, creation's beauty smiles in vain:
In vain yon orbs refulgent roll on high;
Shut is each sense, fast-clos'd her idiot eye:
No more intent to view, or fond to hear,
Her wonder sinks to ign'rance; that, to fear:
Appal'd she starts at ev'ry Pow'r unknown,
Nor dares to search God's nature, or her own.

Hence Tyranny and Falsehood urge their art,
And blast each virtue opening in the heart:
While their vain terrors ev'ry pow'r controul,
Bind thought in shackles, and subdue the soul.
Thus by the damps of coward fear oppress'd,
The beam of love expires within the breast:
Or, if rekindled, Superstition's call
Contracts the ray that Heav'n ordain'd for all:
Impells blind Virtue in her abject state
To love That pow'r alone, she ought to hate;
To court Oppression, and with mean disdain
To stab kind Freedom, that would break her chain.
Hence in the breast what serpent-monsters rise!
Perverted virtue is the blackest vice.
Hence Nature mourns her gentle whisper scorn'd,
And weeps the Graces into Furies turn'd.
Hence Justice drags fair Freedom to her fate;
And Love destroys, beyond the rage of Hate:
Hence heav'n-born Charity herself inspires
The lingring rack, and slow consuming fires;

And

ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS

And teaches in the breast humane to dwell
Remorseless vengeance, and the spite of Hell.

O GRANTA, warm for Truth, in Virtue wise,
To Freedom's aid with generous ardor rise!
To thy committed youth the flame impart,
And shoot the fair infection thro' the heart.
To Heav'n obedient, urge the mild decree,
Which warn'd mankind, "that TRUTH SHALL MAKE THEM
And prove, by pointing Heav'n's extended plan, [FREE:"
The foes of Freedom are the foes of Man.
Bid Britain's sons with pitying scorn behold
Her treach'rous foes, in lurking treason bold:
Who wish'd — yet dar'd not lift the coward hand,
When late Rebellion shook th' astonish'd land;
Who glad wou'd fix their Idol on the throne,
That his unbridled rage might shield their own;
Who veil th' Oppressor in the Slave's disguise,
Willing to fawn, that they may tyrannize;
Who spurn the gifts of Peace with vile disdain,
Tho' FREEDOM, and a PATRIOT-MONARCH reign.
O bid thy kindling youth with ravish'd eyes
See thy bright train of Bards and Sages rise,
Thy Patriots, Heroes, who, inspir'd by Thee,
Or liv'd or dy'd for Truth and Liberty.
Thy pledge of rising day see BACON shine!
And awful NEWTON, Nature's boast and Thine!
Thine moral SPENSER's heav'n-enkindled flame:
And Thine the great, long-injur'd MILTON's name.
With scorn he saw destroying Licence rise,
Saw impious Wit caress'd in Wisdom's guise;
And firm to virtue in degenerate days,
Prefer'd a world's reproach to guilty praise:
O grateful, twine around his honor'd brow,
The Poet's laurel, and the Sage's too!
How did thine eye the gen'rous sorrow shed,
When Truth and Freedom in thy RUSSEL bled!

How

GRATULATIO.

How flow'd thy joy, when at the destin'd hour
Thy mitred Patriots stem'd the tyrant's pow'r!
Nor shalt thou less in virtuous ardor shine,
Still fond to call emerging wisdom Thine:
The first to chase the gloom, thro' ev'ry age
Of cloyster'd ignorance and monkish rage;
From bigot pow'r can'st boast ERASMUS won,
And mighty LOCKE thy glad adopted son.

Rise, GRANTA, rise! augment thine awful train;
Nor let the great examples shine in vain!
With Thee fair praise or black reproach must dwell,
The friend of Heav'n, or instrument of Hell.
Should'st Thou — shou'd ISIS — by your foes betray'd,
With foul defection start from Freedom's aid;
Shou'd your polluted streams (which erst refin'd
Pour'd truth and wisdom on the thirsty mind)
O shou'd they, poyson'd by fell Treason's hand,
Diffuse infection thro' the tainted land;
How wou'd expiring Freedom curse the bane,
And Angels weep their cares for Britain vain!
But, if the Muse prophetic may divine,
A nobler lot, my GRANTA, shall be Thine;
Ev'n now her raptur'd eye, with glad surprize,
Beholds thy long-succeffive glories rise:
Thy stream, where Heav'n's reflected image shines,
Brightens by age, "and as it runs refines."
From Thee the Sage shall catch the piercing ray,
And o'er the depths of Nature spread the day:
At Thy command, in deep attention hung,
Shall list'ning senates bless the Patriot's tongue;
From Thee the Patriot's breast shall catch the fire,
Fond for his country's freedom to expire:
Thy future Bards shall rise the tyrant's dread,
And pour the Muse's thunder on his head;

GRATULATIO &c.

Thy glowing Warriors feel the wish refin'd,
And teach the deathful sword to save mankind:
Thy Priests, in hope and love humanely wise,
Shall raise fall'n man and guide him to the skies:
Whilst Thou, high-rais'd on Freedom's awful throne,
Shalt justly boast each glorious toil thine own.

John Brown M.A.



F I N I S.

